

The Leader.

"THE one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

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News of the Week.

THE Education Conference at Manchester has passed off so well, and elicited so good a spirit amongst all present, that it cannot fail to have very important results. Although the council was one marked by real discussion and not a pretence of it, the body came to unanimous conclusions, attesting at once the zeal, the intelligence, and the practical frankness of the deliberators. The adhesion of Mr. Cobden is an event in the history of the country. The subject is precisely one which he can handle with the very best effect. Possessing a masterly power of grappling with facts and arranging them for the most popular comprehension, no man can make so plain as he can a great national necessity. The national necessity of education is undeniable; but, although not denied, its sharp urgency has not been insisted upon with such emphasis, and, as Stewart Rose's servant would say, such "sculptured language" as to make it knock against the heads of public functionaries. Now, Mr. Cobden can send a fact at the head of a Minister with the force of a David. The system proposed by the Lancashire Public School Association, now become the National Public School Association, is clear-headed and statesmanlike, capable, perhaps, of further development on further deliberation, but certainly going direct to the great want of fitting the furniture for the occasion to the existing institutions of the Country—the practice of local Government, and the spirit of the English People. Now, there is no man in our House of Parliament that can explain a project with such plainness, such frank conciliation of timidity, such thorough exposure of the groundlessness of fear; there is not a man in the country that can explain away a ghost half so convincingly as Cobden—the bug-a-boo is reduced to its constituent rags and mopetick in his hands; and not to march along the forsworn path becomes a cowardice too ridiculous even for the most superstitious. The man and the mission are perfectly suited to each other; and we are sure that the cause of national education has made an advance into real nationality by becoming the client of Richard Cobden. Now that he has fairly grappled with the subject, it will not be easy to count it out—it will not be easy to dismiss it with a field-day of debating society discussion in Parliament; the less so as we expect from Mr. Cobden's antecedents that he will not leave the conduct of the matter to Parliament alone. Although he doubled his power and influence when he entered Parliament, he knows well enough that half the work, if not more, of any great national undertaking is to be gone through out of doors; that Parliament can but cap what the nation has resolved. For this reason, we expect that Mr. Cobden will induce his colleagues, in the local sections of the National Committee, to undertake the work of practical agitation with due vigour and

activity. He understands the organization and furtherance of such movements, and we presume that the cause has not only gained an advocate in Parliament, but that it has also gained a grand master in the freemasonry which is to stir the nation in the achievement of its own work.

In our congratulation at attaining the assistance of Cobden, let us not forget the service done last year by W. J. Fox, whose admirable speech helped as much as anything to win conviction in favour of the scheme. But Mr. Fox would be among the last men to underrate the paramount importance of Mr. Cobden's accession.

The time is ripe for a movement on the subject. Many events will rapidly conduce to make the public feel the necessity more and more, and also the facilities. While we see Archbishop Wiseman taking possession of England in the name of the Pope, and spreading his hierarchy over the British province to gather the faithful and the converted into the Romish Church, while we see that striking attempt at intellectual reaction,—we also see how signally the influence which set it at work is gradually falling to pieces. In spite of the Papal denunciation, the Godless Colleges in Ireland are rising to be national institutions. That most bigoted and ignorant of countries is really a model to England in the promotion of popularly accessible education. The national education is gradually training up a generation of youth, who will intellectually show that they have outgrown the hedge priest. The middle class and gentry are finding the same opportunities in the Queen's Colleges,—they are showing practically by the conduct of the students that a truly liberal system of education is not necessarily allied to irreligion or immorality. Quite the reverse. We learn by the speech of Sir Robert Kane, on opening the second session of the Cork College, that the students have exhibited assiduity in their religious exercises, and morality in their conduct in a more than customary degree. From him we learn another most important fact. In spite of the Papal denunciations, in spite of the roaring of the lion of the tribe of Judah from his den of Tuam, the Roman Catholic youth actually do flock to the colleges. What does this mean? It means that the gentry and middle class of Ireland, who by inheritance and training retain their faith in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, yet perceive how impracticably antiquated is the administration of the head at Rome; how utterly false is the assertion on which the antagonism is based that the training of the colleges is immoral and irreligious. It is a truth that has not been fully developed until our own day that the deepest sense of religion, and the broadest light of science, instead of being incompatible, as they were thought by the bigots and sceptics of recent generations, are reciprocally corroborative. The Roman Catholic middle class and gentry of Ireland evince a practical knowledge and conviction of that fact.

How, then, can we share the alarm which is so vehemently expressed by many at the invasion of the Roman Hierarchy? It is true that Dr. Wiseman has formally proclaimed the restoration of Great Britain as a province of Rome Papistically. But what then? On the field of Ireland, where these influences have been actually at work, we see that when Roman Catholicism is brought forth and exposed to the influence of knowledge, it cannot resist the processes of practical conversion. And such, too, must be the case in England. Amongst the free movements of our land and time the cumbersome and tottering machinery of Romanism can find no stable footing. The more it stands forth the more it courts destruction.

The Committee of the Church Union, that half-Romanized body, has actually found itself compelled to make a small demonstration against the Pope of Rome for his interference with England, which they characterize as "an invasion" of the Anglican Church. This is rather a mild mode of censure, but quite as strong as any one can look for from the followers of Dr. Pusey.

The very Exposition of 1851, which Prince Albert's speech at York has again brought into such active discussion this week, is an auxiliary of national education; bringing men together from all quarters, jostling national customs and opinions, and showing to different Peoples the work of each other, how alien soever their fruits. When we hear of such things as preparations made for the coming of 3000 people in a body from one part of Germany, we learn how immense the concourse must be. We believe that it will far exceed the estimates of many.

The question of war in Germany is as much mooted and as obscure as ever. One mail announces that it is to explode at once—the next does no more than repeat the old intelligence about important movements of large bodies of troops towards the frontier. The King of Bavaria has been very enthusiastic, at a public dinner, in declaring allegiance to Austria. Prussia is said to be obstinate on the ground of Hesse-Cassel. In the United States the Fugitive Slave Bill has become more than ever a point of irritation. It is really a very oppressive measure: it has been used to inflict shocking domestic calamities in the abrupt removal of persons who were quiet denizens, but technically slaves, in another. The Abolitionists are intoxicated with indignation. The slavery party is preparing to resist aggression with obstinacy; and Alarmists discern imminent danger.

Our criminal record is not prolific this week. Perhaps the vigorous mauling which Mr. Paul and his fellow-servants gave to the burglars at Holford-house has already had its terrors for ambitious aspirants of the Turpin and Jack Sheppard order. It is one thing to be a successful Turpin, another thing to be reduced, like Mitchell, to the condition of a groaning cripple.

[TOWN EDITION.]

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER.

The Educational Conference convened at Manchester, on Wednesday, to take into consideration the propriety of converting what has hitherto been known as the Lancashire Public Schools Society into a National Association, appears to have been one of the largest and most influential meetings held in that town. The delegates and friends of the movement assembled in the Mechanics' Institution at eleven o'clock, and the theatre of that institution was completely filled. The leading men present were Mr. Alexander Henry, M.P. for the county (who presided), Mr. R. Cobden, M.P.; Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P.; Mr. Brotherton, M.P.; Mr. W. Hargreaves; Mr. W. E. Hickson; the Reverend R. Thorp, Rector of Burton Overy, near Leicester; the Reverend W. F. Walker, Oldham; Mr. W. E. Forster, Rawdon, Leeds; the Reverend Dr. Bacon, Newhaven, United States; Mr. S. Lucas, London; Mr. J. Jenkins, M.A., Swansea; Mr. R. Heywood, Bolton; the Reverend J. A. Baynes, Nottingham; Mr. Alderman Weston, Mr. Alderman Cutler, Mr. Councillor Goodrick, Mr. C. Shaw, and others, Birmingham; Messrs. C. E. Rawlins, jun., W. Ferguson, J. Aikin, and William Rathbone, jun., Liverpool; Mr. S. Smiles, M.D., and the Reverend W. Heaton, Leeds; Mr. J. Barker, Wortley; Mr. J. Batley, and Mr. Phillips, Huddersfield; Mr. Alderman Sunderland, Mr. J. Mills, and Mr. J. Brooks, Ashton-under-Lyne; the Reverend A. McDonald, Mr. W. Fisher, jun., and Mr. R. Solly, Sheffield; Dr. Satterthwaite, Tulketh-hall, Preston; Mr. J. S. Smith, Halifax; the Reverend P. Brewster, Paisley; Mr. Gaskell, Warrington; Mr. H. Reid, Nottingham; the Reverend J. G. Teggins, Mansfield, Notts; the Reverend A. F. Blythe, Chesterfield; the Reverend H. W. Crosskey, Derby; Sir E. Armitage, Reverend J. R. Beard, Reverend W. M'Kerrow, Mr. George Wilson, and Dr. J. Watts.

The CHAIRMAN having opened the proceedings, the Reverend WILLIAM M'KERROW read a number of letters from individuals favourable to the movement. Amongst these were—The Honourable C. P. Villiers, M.P.; Mr. J. Hume, M.P.; Colonel Thompson, M.P.; Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P.; Mr. W. S. Crawford, M.P.; Mr. Pechell, M.P.; Mr. R. A. Thicknesse, M.P.; Mr. W. Ewart, M.P.; Sir John Kay Shuttleworth; Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. John Stuart Mill; Mr. Thornton Hunt, editor of the *Leader*; Mr. George Dawson; Mr. William Chambers, and Mr. Robert Chambers.

Mr. SAMUEL LUCAS, of London, then introduced the more immediate business of the meeting, by entering into a history of the origin and proceedings of the Lancashire Public School Association. He commenced by stating that the association took its rise from the autumn of 1847, previous to which time, and only shortly previous, the minutes of the Committee of the Council of Education had been published. The plan proposed by the Government met with very much obstruction, and several gentlemen of Manchester, feeling also that they could not conscientiously support it, and yet unwilling to oppose it without something of their own to substitute, met together in order to see how far they could agree upon any general system of education to propose to the country. First of all they set to work upon the principles upon which they could agree. They found that the only basis on which they could all unite, was that the education must be what was called secular and unsectarian. They felt that the system must be national and open to all: that there should be no division into sects, into creeds; that every man wishing to have his child educated should have the opportunity. That the great want of education was not among the middle and upper classes, but among the poor, and that, therefore, it was necessary that their schools should be free; for the establishment of free schools in any locality had always been followed by an immense increase of number of those receiving instruction. (*Cheers.*) And they felt it would not do to entrust the system to the care of the central government. The power of controlling the school must remain in the hands of the people. There must be popular control in every locality; and to make those schools efficient there must be some central authority; but, in order to prevent it being exercised by Government, they made a plan by which it should be made elective, from the different local authorities established for the control of the schools. These were the main principles of their plan which was published in July, 1847. An association was soon after formed, and operations commenced, which had been continued with unremitting assiduity to the present time.

Mr. ANSALOM WATKIN moved the first resolution, in a brief but able address, in which he said Mr. Lucas had been too modest in what he had said of himself, for Mr. Lucas was undoubtedly the parent of this association. He moved that the Lancashire Public School Association be resolved into a society to be called "The National Secular School Association," for the establishment by law in England and Wales of a general system of secular instruction, to be maintained by local rates, and under the management of local authorities specially elected by the rate-payers.

Alderman WESTON, of Birmingham, in seconding the resolution, congratulated the people of Manchester on the proud position which they occupied in this movement. A greater movement had certainly not distinguished any age or country. It was they who had discovered, both as a community and a society, the great evils under which we laboured from the want of instruction for the people at large. The men of Birmingham, he had no doubt, would be cordial supporters of this scheme. The Lancashire Public School Association deserved the thanks of the country for originating the movement; and if the resolution for extending it to a national association should be adopted, he believed the people of Birmingham would be prepared to approve their conduct.

Mr. COBDEN, M.P., who was cheered enthusiastically on rising, said he did not see why they should depart from the original name of the association, which was the "Public School Association"—why they should change "public" for "secular." He thought it was now the proper time to revert to the old name. The word secular did not mean sectarian, but a great deal more. He had sent for Johnson's Dictionary—(*great laughter*)—and found the word thus defined in it: "Secular, not spiritual; relating to the affairs of the present world; not holy, worldly." (*Cheers and laughter.*) Now he thought the School Association would not be unspiritual—(*hear, hear*)—he did not even think it would deserve the name "irreligious." There was no greater foe to religion than vice, and, in fact, it was the great parent of vice, ignorance, which they sought to remove. They were, therefore, promoting religion in its widest form; and they were promoting that sort of religion which, when fully understood, must have the support of all sects. Therefore, while they proclaimed themselves unsectarian, they were not irreligious, and he should be sorry to see them adopt a title which in its dictionary translation might fasten upon them that character. (*Cheers.*)

A short discussion took place regarding the proposed emendation, which appears not to have been adopted. A number of delegates from various towns expressed themselves in favour of the resolution.

Mr. COBDEN rose to address the meeting and was received with loud cheers. He said he did not intend to make a speech, but merely to touch on one or two points. It had been suggested that he should propose the question in the House of Commons; but that would be interfering with Mr. Fox, who had already taken up the subject. When that gentleman proposed his plan last year, he was listened to so patiently that he (Mr. Cobden) began to think his bill would be carried. When, however, the measure came on for the second reading, it was met with a burst of exclamations about irreligion and infidels, which was perfectly astounding. That was frequently the way in which persons were met in the House of Commons. The only way in which the question could be raised in Parliament with any degree of success was, by taking it in hand as they now proposed:—

"If you unite together in different parts of the country, forming 200 or 300 associations, in union with that in Manchester, by the time you have been a year or two at work, with this systematic organization, you will see this question treated in a very different spirit in the House of Commons. It will respond very speedily to the opinions and advice of the people out of doors; and I must say that in this question we have more advantage in arguing and agitating than in any great question with which I am acquainted; because we have nobody who stands upon the merits of the question, and says education is a bad thing. It is admitted we seek for a good thing; scarcely any one will say that we have enough education. I will never argue the question with those who do. (*Hear, hear.*) If any one brings me statistics to show me we are an educated people, I will tell him to go to the man at the plough and ask him the name of the adjoining parish, or the parish at least three beyond him. Go to the man you find labouring in your streets, and ask him to write his name; or, if he can do that mechanically, ask him to write a few dozen lines.—Go and put the simplest test to the great mass of the English people, and I am sorry to say you will find them the least instructed and most ignorant of any on the face of the earth. Therefore, I will not argue with these men. But to those who say some other system shall be adopted than that you have laid down, I ask them, 'What is your system?' Is it the present? Everybody is dissatisfied with it. Nobody upholds the present system: the Dissenters oppose it—the Church is in convulsions over it. We (I speak for myself, in common with other politicians in the house) support it simply because we prefer it, with all its faults, to no education at all. Therefore, it is that you are entering upon the question with an advantage over almost any others who have embarked in any great agitation. The community admits the object you seek is desirable—nobody has a plan to oppose to yours upon which anybody will unite; the system which Government is attempting to put forward, as a proof that something is doing, is such an empty failure, that all parties, sects, and religions are ready to repudiate it; and, therefore, you occupy the only platform upon which a great union can be formed, in order to advance the education of the people. (*Cheers.*) Some allusion has been made to my position as representative of the West Riding of Yorkshire. I hope you will give me credit for sufficient sincerity to a somewhat old conviction, as to believe that

I should never allow for a moment the question of my interest in that representation to weigh against a sense of duty in reference to a paramount necessity. (*Cheers.*) I do not think that I am making a political capital here by borrowing on this educational question; for I am sorry to say that, amongst those who have been my warmest friends in political questions, I have found a considerable number, and those amongst the most influential of the party to which I belong, who are opposed, and I believe conscientiously, to the movement in which you are embarked. (*Cheers.*) I do not disguise that the party with which Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, is connected is a very powerful one—a party acting from the highest and purest convictions, and which is thus formidable in any views which they may take up; but I must say that I think, by allowing time for full and fair discussion, and taking up this question in the candid spirit in which I am happy to see it has been dealt with to-day, I do not despair to see our friends in the West Riding—who have taken the most prominent part amongst the Dissenting body—joining with us in this measure, when they are satisfied that the voluntary principle upon which they have relied cannot be successful to carry out, to the extent that we ought to carry out, the education of the people. (*Loud cheers.*)

He went on to show that to leave education to the voluntary principle would never do. He approved of voluntarism in religion, but voluntarism in education was indefensible. He wanted to rate the property in the dark agricultural districts for the purpose of education. In by far the great majority of cases the landed proprietors in parishes were absentees. He wanted to tax their property. (*Applause.*) These men would never educate the people voluntarily. Let them not talk of the burden of a tax for education. If we had schools in every parish we should want fewer galls and barracks. It was disgraceful that a network of military establishments should be spread over the country simply because we were afraid of the dense mass of ignorance prevailing on every side. He would up by expressing his belief that the cause must succeed:—

"As we have, therefore, a good cause, and one that can be logically defended on every point, for I am one who have great faith in logic, shall we not find men in this country, who will be willing to devote some of their time, from their daily avocations, to the success of this great undertaking? I feel grateful to the men of Manchester, who have gone on thus far with this question. (*Hear, hear.*) They were bold men who launched this brave vessel in the midst of the shoals, and quicksands, and cross-currents, and tempests which they knew it would encounter; and they have persevered until they have brought the stately vessel into something like smooth water, disposed of a great deal of the argument against them, and now they invite all the rest of the community to board them, and help them to pass over the distance which yet remains, until they arrive at the haven of our great success. Is there not a sufficient number of men in this country to join in this movement? It is not a party question, and never will be made so, or if it be, it will not be by the men who are now going to labour at it. It is not a question which has, at the present moment, even the animus of the sectarian spirit, but it stands on the basis of common sense. I say, are there not in this country men enough, on such motives and on these grounds who will aid us to carry out this object. I look to the young men above all things to co-operate in this movement. They are the parties destined to carry into the next generation more of virtue, and intelligence, and morality than exists in the present, to maintain this vessel not only in rivalry with Europe, but with that young giant rising up in the west, and which starts in this mutual rivalry of the world with the immense advantage over us of national education. We want some men, some Horace Manns, who will devote themselves to the cause of education. We want some one, not only in Manchester, but elsewhere, to canvass for money for this agitation. There is nothing like a canvass for money to diffuse information; for depend upon it, no Englishman will part with a penny out of his own pocket until he is satisfied with good logical arguments that the cause is a good one, and when he is once convinced, then you are sure of him for the remainder of the agitation. (*Loud cheers.*)"

The following resolutions were afterwards agreed to:—

"That the branches of the Lancashire Public School Association, the London Working Men's Association for National Secular Education, and the associations and committees which have been formed to promote the same object, in Birmingham, Leeds, Leicester, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Coventry, and other places, be invited to resolve themselves into branches of the National Secular School Association."

"That the following gentlemen, together with the executive committee of the Lancashire Public School Association, be a general committee for taking the measures rendered necessary by this change; and that the executive committee of the Lancashire Public School Association be requested to continue their functions, as the executive of the National Secular School Association, with power to add to their numbers." (*Here followed a list of names.*)

In the evening about one hundred gentlemen, including many of the principal strangers who had been present at the Conference, dined together at the Albion Hotel. Mr. George Wilson, who presided, proposed "The Health of the Founders of the Lancashire Public School Association," in a highly complimentary speech, referring especially to the efforts of Mr. Samuel Lucas, formerly of Manchester, but now of Little Tower-street, London, as the most active

member of that small band of pioneers to whom the country was indebted for originating this movement. Mr. Lucas acknowledged the toast in an excellent speech, in which he expressed his regret at having had to leave Manchester, and consequently to abandon, in a great degree, his exertions in the education cause. The Chairman next proposed "The President of the Lancashire Public Schools Association," to which Mr. Henry, M.P., responded, expressing a hope that their next meeting would be to celebrate the triumph of the cause in which they had embarked.

THE FRENCH MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

Whatever Government France may live under, whether Legitimist, Constitutional Monarchy, or Republican, we always find that a Ministerial crisis takes place every few months, which furnishes a theme for much political gossip. The latest news on that head is the dismissal of General Neumayer from his command in Paris, and the appointment of an Orleansist general in his place. This decision is much resented by General Changarnier, and appears to have been done partly to wound him. The decree was announced to M. Neumayer by the Minister of War and the President, who expressed at the same time the intention of bestowing another post upon the displaced general. In answer to this announcement General Neumayer wrote a letter to the Minister of War declining any other post in compensation. General Changarnier was invited to name the successor of General Neumayer, but resented the compliment as derisory. The contest between General Changarnier and the Elysée is generally thought to be coming to a crisis. The belief was that the General would throw up his command in disgust, but it is said that he has signified to the Government he feels bound in honour to the Assembly not to resign his command until he shall have an opportunity of explaining his motives to the Assembly itself. He may, he says, be deprived of his command by the Minister of War, should he choose to assume the responsibility of such an act; but he will not allow himself to be forced or thwarted into a resignation which would be unseemly on his part.

The *Ordre*, which professes to know the cause of the removal of General Neumayer, says that, at the last review at Satory, he expressly enjoined the troops not to give utterance to any cry whatever, deeming silence to be more strictly in accordance with the regulations of the army, and in conformity, too, with the instructions he had received from the Commander-in-Chief. This, of course, much displeased both Louis Napoleon and the Minister of War, and hence the ground of offence stated, with the removal of General Neumayer consequent thereupon.

The committee of permanence of the Assembly was called suddenly together on Wednesday morning, and the meeting was a very stormy one. All that is known of the proceedings is, that a considerable number of the members present contended that the Assembly should be convoked for the 5th of November. The opponents of the proposition contended that the convocation of the Assembly on that day would be impossible, as the notice would be too short to enable the members to reach Paris; and that it would have the effect of giving unnecessary alarm to the country, as the Assembly was at any rate to meet on the 11th. The committee ultimately adjourned without deciding anything, but it is believed that they will not convoke the Assembly till the period originally fixed, namely, the 11th of November.

THE WARSAW CONGRESS.

It is impossible to glean any precise information from the German papers relating to what is going on at Warsaw. All that can be said is that a number of those men called "illustrious personages" are now there, on a visit to the Emperor Nicholas. Among others there are the Emperor of Austria, attended by Prince Schwarzenberg, Count Grunne, and other military and civil functionaries; the Crown Prince and Princess (Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor of Wurtemberg, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands and his Consort (sister of the Empress), Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel (son-in-law to the Emperor), widower of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, the Duke Christian of Holstein Glücksburg, on a mission from the Court of Denmark, in company with Count Plessen, Count and Countess Brandenburg, the former a morganatic uncle of the Empress, and the latter her Majesty's intimate friend. Of course, there are continual parades and festivals, but amidst all these, cunning old Nicholas never forgets the business for which all this gathering has been brought about. Count Brandenburg is said to have had repeated interviews with Count Nesselrode and M. de Meyendorf, and the Austrian journals are pleased to say, "It is hoped that the mediation of Russia may produce an approachment between the parties, and avert those calamities which appear so imminent, and which the 'Liberal' party in Germany are labouring night and day with reckless and cynical effort to entail upon their country."

The latest news from Berlin is, that all the propositions of Count Brandenburg have been rejected, including the proposition for free conferences.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The intelligence from Germany, though somewhat contradictory, is mainly of a warlike nature. Immense masses of troops have been hastened towards Hesse-Cassel by Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg on the one part, and by Prussia on the other. All Germany seems hastening to war, with Hesse-Cassel for the battle-field. The later accounts are confused and contradictory—some saying that the Prussians have entered Hesse-Cassel, some that the Austrians have done so, some that neither. Austria and her allies have the greater force, and are backed by the undisguised influence and incitement of Russia; but Prussia, who seems to have been energetically, though quietly, preparing for the crisis, is stronger in point of position.

Advices from Vienna of the 23rd ultimo, stated that on the receipt of the last despatches from Berlin, the contents of which had not transpired, a Cabinet Council was held, at which it was resolved to concentrate an army of 150,000 men. These despatches were said to have contained an ultimatum respecting the line of conduct to be observed by the two powers: 60,000 men will be concentrated in the immediate vicinity of Vienna, and marching orders have already been sent to the divisions in Hungary and in Italy. The artillery will comprise 240 pieces of heavy artillery. Later accounts, however, affirm that, in spite of the warlike rumours afloat, peace will be maintained.

PROFESSOR GOTTFRIED KINKEL.

(From a Correspondent.)

In the great revolutions and crises which have shaken, and still continue to shake, Germany, the happiness of many individuals has been destroyed. There are martyrs amongst the Germans, upon whom it is necessary to draw the notice of their fellow-men; for the great events of our day are like the waves of the sea—they submerge too soon, alas! the pilot whenever he is compelled to abandon the steerage of his stranded vessel.

Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, professor at the University of Bonn, appears to us to be one of the revolutionary martyrs the most worthy of sympathy, and we cannot withhold furnishing the English public with a biographical sketch of his life.

Brought up in the strictest Christian orthodoxy of pure manners, and of irreproachable character, Gottfried Kinkel devoted himself to the study of theology, and after having gone through the required examination was elevated to the doctorate, and lecturer of theology at the University of Bonn. Here he lived in quietude and retirement, being a successful teacher, and highly esteemed as a lyric poet, until seized by the spirit of the modern German metaphysics, which gradually inclined the bent of his mind in that direction. This drew upon him the attention of the theological body. They endeavoured to put difficulties in his way; sought to prejudice the Government against him, they having in their power the disposal of the various professorships. Accordingly they demanded his dismissal, but, as they gave no definite reason for such a demand, the Government refused to comply with the request.

But an event now occurred in the life of Kinkel, which, though contributing to his domestic happiness, compelled him to sustain severe struggles for a lengthened period.

Gottfried became acquainted with Madame Jane Mockel, a Catholic lady, who, after an unfortunate matrimonial alliance, which terminated in a divorce, lived with her parents at Bonn as a teacher of music. Jane Mockel, alike distinguished both by her profound knowledge of music and for her charming poetical narratives, was a phenomenon the young doctor, in his retired life, has never seen. From a like enthusiastic love for poetry and art, with a similar appreciation of human life, sprung a pure deep love between Madame Mockel and Kinkel. Influenced by the metaphysical views of her lover, Jane became a convert herself to Protestantism in order to become his wife.

This marriage with a divorced and converted Catholic was deemed by his colleagues a serious indiscretion, and subjected him to so many annoyances, he at last accepted the offer which the Prussian Government made him, viz., the exchange of his theological chair for that of German antiquity and history of arts, which his multifarious knowledge rendered him equally capable of filling.

It was in this new position, living a serene and tranquil life, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, surrounded by his four lovely children, that the revolution of 1848 found him, worshipped by his wife and numerous pupils.

Guided by his convictions, Kinkel joined, from the beginning of the revolution, the Democratic party; and when he afterwards was elected member of the Prussian National Assembly, he took his seat there, and occupied it until the dissolution of that parliament. When the Constituent Assembly of Frank-

fort was likewise dissolved, and Herr von Gagern (who was the first in the face of the tottering thrones to maintain the sovereignty of the people), now when the princes, favoured by intrigues and circumstances, once more gained the upper hand—he (Von Gagern), by order of the princes, abandoned the post where the sovereignty of the people had placed him. There still, however, remained at Frankfurt, after Von Gagern and his party had left them, a sufficient number of men who had not lost the sentiment of right, and who had persevered in the maintenance of their post. These remaining representatives thought themselves bound, both by their conviction and by the compromise (which they and Von Gagern with his party had signed), to concede only to a certain extent to the reactionary exigencies of the German princes; but the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly of Frankfurt put an end to all. The said compromise is in the hands of the then deputy, Henry Simon, of Breslau, now an exile in Switzerland.

These deputies, faithful to the compromise, and considering themselves the only legal representatives of the people, after having been driven away from Frankfurt, found a new footing in Stuttgart, whither they went; and the King of Wurtemberg declared, at the reception he prepared for them, that he himself acknowledged them as the legal legislative power.

But the penetration and the love of justice of his Wurtembergian Majesty was not strong enough to stand against the united power of all the other German princes. He hesitated to venture the chance either of becoming Emperor of Germany, should Democracy triumph, or to lose the crown of Wurtemberg, in case the party of the princes should be victorious. He preferred to sacrifice democracy and the right of the people to the personal interest of his dynasty, causing the Constituent Assembly in Stuttgart to be dissolved by force of arms.

Nevertheless, this party tried once more with a praiseworthy perseverance to stand their ground, and to preserve the rights of the people with whose representation they were entrusted. Dr. Kinkel, like many thousands of others, put himself at the disposal of this party.

They appointed a provisory government; called the people to arms, thus attempting to obtain by force what was refused to their legal claims. The contests of Dresden, Elberfeld, Iserlohn followed each other in rapid succession. A sanguinary civil war ensued. To think of an arrangement with the princes was then out of the question, especially as the people were anxious to break the power of absolutist monarchies. In order to defend the rights and to hasten to the assistance of the struggling people in the besieged towns (for Dresden, Elberfeld, and Iserlohn were then beleaguered), it was necessary to have arms; and to get them, they were compelled to break into the arsenals. Dr. Kinkel was not the chief, but one of the chiefs, who headed an attack upon one of the arsenals in Rhenish Prussia.

We despise civil war, indeed, we abhor all war, the exigency of which will, in more humane and more enlightened times, be inconceivable. But as long as there are wars, as long as we shall not have peace-congresses whose sound judgment shall decide between the nations and the princes, as long as the princes think themselves empowered to struggle for their existence with cannons, and to put to death all those who are not inclined to be governed by the supreme will of an absolutist ruler, the people will always be compelled to oppose violence to violence, thus verifying what is said in the old Testament of the Jews, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth;" for Christian patience will be exhausted, and the "right cheek will not be offered after the left has been smitten."

Dr. Kinkel was taken prisoner in a conflict, in which he was wounded in the head. Whilst they were escorting him to prison, he heard the fusillades of other prisoners. The tumult of the struggle was succeeded by the dull calmness of momentary exhaustion; those prisoners who were not at once shot, were tried by courts-martial, and Dr. Gottfried Kinkel was sentenced to hard labour for life in a house of correction. There had always been in Prussia up to that moment a distinction made between the common criminal, the highway robber, the murderer, &c., and the man who by struggling for a sacred conviction had overstepped the laws of the country. Now they thought themselves justified in setting aside this distinction.

Dr. Kinkel was put into a gaol at Naugardt, in Pomerania. They shaved his head, put on him the coarse dress of the criminal, and condemned him to live upon the common food of the prison. They deprived him of all books, the Bible excepted, and he had to wind wool from half-past four in the morning till five in the evening, and that on a heavy wheel so old and broken that his right arm became almost entirely lamed. He, from whose eloquent lips so many youths had been inspired to all that was grand and elevated—one of the most beloved professors of the German universities, and one of the most distinguished poets!

The whole liberal press of Germany was bestirred in his favour, and the universal voice of the people

everywhere declared the punishment of Dr. Kinkel to be tenfold severer than that of any common criminal who, accustomed to a harder life, is enabled to endure hard labour, and does not so heavily feel the miseries of a prison. They reproached the Government with yielding to the spirit of hatred, and of acting with unjustifiable cruelty.

But the reactionary party justified the unusual severity of the punishment, by declaring that a highly-educated man ought always to be punished with greater severity than the uneducated one; and, as to the official organs, they barefacedly denied the fact. Some affirmed that another occupation had been offered to Dr. Kinkel, but that he had refused the offer.

But what was that other occupation? That of copying the household accounts; but he declared, after a few weeks of such occupation, that he would rather return to his winding, which at least left him his thoughts free, if they would only grant him a lighter wheel, the turning of which would not exceed his strength.

In such a manner did Dr. Kinkel pass a whole year in Naugardt, when a lawsuit was instituted against the men of the movement in which Kinkel had taken a part, and he had to appear with the other accused before the assizes at Cologne. Permission was given to his unfortunate wife at Cologne to speak with him in the presence of the gaolers, separated from him by iron bars. That one year's suffering had so altered him, and the prison dress so disguised the noble figure of the man, that his daughter, seven years old, did not know him.

We saw Jane Kinkel when she returned from this visit,—we likewise saw her when she left the assizes, where she was present to at least see her beloved husband. Her heart was sorely wounded, but she was calm, great, and firm, not recoiling with horror from the sacrifice, which the liberty of the country required from her and her husband.

They restored to Kinkel during the assizes, for the time he had to appear before the bar, his citizen costume. His first day's defence overpowered every heart. The soldiers who in double ranks had occupied all the entrances to the court, shed tears on Kinkel's fate, and precaution was taken to have other soldiers for the next sitting. All the accused were acquitted, and received the rejoicings of their relatives and friends; Dr. Kinkel alone remained a prisoner for life, for having stormed an arsenal.

At that solemn moment of universal enjoyment, Jane Kinkel resolved to take advantage of the excitement, of once more, after a year's separation, touching the hand of her husband, of once more pressing him to her lacerated heart. She attempted to approach him, but the soldiers brutally repelled her. She then addressed herself to the chief-justice, but he declared that he had not the right of allowing her to approach her husband, and just when she was about to retire, Kinkel cried out with a loud voice, his manly countenance beaming with splendour, "Jane! come to me, it is thy husband who calls thee!" and at the same moment, as if impelled by the captive, the soldiers lowered their arms, and Jane shed tears both of joy and of grief in the arms of her husband.

Since that day she has never seen him. The attempt he made to escape when they were carrying him back to his prison, failed. Jane Kinkel learned that he had been recaptured, and remained uncertain as to his further fate, until the newspapers stated that he was not taken back to Naugardt, but that they had transported him to the gaol of Spandau, near Berlin.

It is there that Dr. Gottfried Kinkel has been groaning since last spring. He is compelled to earn by the winding of wool 10d. a-day, for which the Government feeds him. They give him in the morning what they call water soup, and a slice of coarse brown bread; for his dinner, peas, beans, or similar vegetables, with bread; and in the evening bread and water. Only three times a-week are the prisoners furnished with meat. Working one hour beyond the daily task he earns one-third of a penny, for which he is allowed to buy himself on Saturdays a loaf of white bread, a herring, or some butter. They allow him only once a month to write a letter to his wife, which letter, of course, passes through the hands of the inspectors. As to scientific works, them he can only mentally perform. For eight weeks he had not breathed the pure air nor seen the sky. The daily walk of half an hour takes place only in the corridor of the prison. Saturdays and Sundays are excluded from this recreation, and even other days if the inspector of the prison be elsewhere engaged; and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that his wife, who came from the Rhine to Spandau to see him, was refused admittance.

If he does not receive a timely rescue—in consequence of a change of affairs in Germany—one of the most generous and gifted men of the German fatherland will pine away within the walls of a horrid prison. The worthy, highly noble tenour of the monthly letters he writes to his wife show the stamp of a man who feels the duty his horrible fate imposes upon him as a martyr of the progress of the nineteenth century.

Not less firmly does Jane Kinkel pursue the difficult path of her life. Deprived of the support of her husband, she has returned to her teaching of music in Cologne and Bonn, and thus earns an honourable and independent livelihood for herself and her four little ones. When in the evening, exhausted by her lessons, exhausted by the care of her children, her poetical labours completed, she then avails herself of the night to write those letters to her husband which alone keep him in connection with this life.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

On the day succeeding the grand banquet at York, the mayors remaining in that city met the various members of the commission; the latter body were represented by Mr. Gott, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. W. Dilke, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Colonel Lloyd, and Mr. Digby Wyatt. The attendance of mayors was numerous, and included, among others, the Lord Mayor of York, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the Mayors of Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Birmingham, Hull, Southampton, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The commissioners explained the position in which the Exhibition now stood, and urged upon the meeting the necessity of taking care that all the products of a district were efficiently represented. It was not sufficient that articles of high artistic excellence should be exhibited; it was equally necessary to show what this country could produce in its staple manufactures, where economy of production is equally essential with completeness of manufacture; and it was stated that the cotton manufacture is not yet efficiently represented in the returns, except in the case of printed goods. The towns representing linen have been wiser, and propose to exhibit every kind manufactured, from the coarsest canvass to the finest lawn and damask. The attention of the Mayors of Manchester and Carlisle and of the Lord Provost of Glasgow was particularly drawn to this deficiency. It was also stated that hosiery is not shown as its importance deserves. The Mayor of Leicester undertook, on the part of his town, that this deficiency should no longer exist; and it was suggested that Worcester should more fully exhibit in gloves. The commissioners proceeded to draw the attention of the meeting to the inadequate representation of ornamental ironwork. This country, so celebrated in its castings, will appear deficient in all the ornamental branches of this staple manufacture unless great exertions are made to supply the deficiency. Considerable surprise was manifested when, in answer to a question, it was elicited that hitherto Sheffield has not sent in many returns for cutlery and edge tools. It seemed to be strongly felt that this lukewarmness is suicidal to its best commercial interests. It is well known that America and Germany are anxiously preparing for the contest, and that in any event they will force Sheffield to put forth its best exertions. The deficient representation of that town would be tantamount to its acknowledgment that the prestige for excellence in its cutlery is undeserved, and as an inevitable consequence it would lose that position among nations which it has so long possessed. The commissioners referred to the fact that, although the London silver-platers intend to exhibit largely, the silver-platers of Sheffield and Birmingham are still deficient in their returns. The mayor of Birmingham regretted this deficiency on the part of his town, but stated that every effort is being made to supply the inadequate returns. Regret was expressed that Macclesfield has not yet taken that position in the silk manufacture which might have been expected from the prominent position which it holds as a silk-producing district. As Spitalfields and London generally will be well represented, it is obvious that Macclesfield will be in much danger of being eclipsed by its more energetic and more far-seeing rivals. In addition to silks generally, the commissioners stated that they are still open to receive demands for space for satins, velvets, gauzes, and crapes, the returns in which articles do not satisfy them.

The commissioners having stated these deficiencies, urged upon the meeting the necessity of supplying them as soon as possible. The demands for space are already enormous, but they do not show that equitable distribution among subjects which is desirable. The mayors assembled expressed their most cordial sympathy with the efforts of the commissioners, their satisfaction at the progress which has been made since the meeting in London, and their determination to use their utmost exertions to aid them by renewed and vigorous efforts.

It is stated that divers persons in Berlin and other parts of Germany, speculating upon the immense affluence of visitors to the Great Exhibition, have resolved to have houses in London for six months, which they will let out in apartments, and here and there establish *tables d'hôte*, and make other arrangements suitable to the habits and purses of their countrymen of different classes. This plan, if carried into execution by strangers of different nations, cannot fail to add to the convenience and comfort of all individually and collectively. A Prussian Journal states that Mr. Prince Smith, whose exertions in fa-

vour of free-trade have rendered his name conspicuous in various parts of Northern Germany, has also drawn up a plan for the formation of a committee, the object of which will be to facilitate travelling communications between Germany and England, whereby economy, expedition, and comfort will be better ensured, especially to persons of moderate means. By this means individuals for a moderate sum will be conveyed to and fro, lodged, fed and cared for, during a certain number of days, according to a fixed and economical scale.

A committee of merchants and tradesmen has been formed, in order to organize special trains to Ostend, for the conveyance of visitors to the exhibition in May next.

Messrs. Clowes, the eminent printers, have obtained the contract for printing the catalogue for the 1851 Exhibition. They give a premium of £4000 for the privilege, and 2d. for every copy sold, towards the expense of the Exhibition. The catalogue will be sold for 1s.; another catalogue will also be published, which will be printed in several languages, and be sold for 10s.

A clergyman of the Church of England, with the approbation of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, proposes to give a prize, or prizes, of 100 guineas in amount for the best essay or essays on the following subject:—"In what manner the union of all nations at the grand Exhibition of 1851 may be made the most conducive to the glory of God in promoting the moral welfare of mankind."

Two hundred glaziers commenced operations on the building on Monday. The glass used is half an inch in thickness, and is brought to the ground cut the exact size required, so that not a moment is lost, and the rapidity of the process is so great that each man can glaze sixty-four feet daily.

As an instance of the preparations making for the Exhibition, it may be interesting to know that the brewers of London are preparing double their quantity of beer for the ensuing season.

THE "LEADER" IN FRANCE.

In that remarkable journal, *La République*, where M. Eugène Barez so powerfully advocates the cause of Socialism, we were gratified to observe, on the 24th of October, a leading article devoted to our own paper. After an eloquent introduction on the recent progress of Socialistic ideas, through every species of opposition and misrepresentation, the writer—M. Victor Mercier—speaks of the operation of those ideas in other countries, notably England; and our readers will be pleased to see how we are appreciated by our brother journalist in the following extracts from his article:—

"Our friend and fellow-labourer, Jules Lechevalier, with his knowledge of men, doctrines, and events, has kept our readers constantly informed of every movement favourable to our holy cause which has taken place in that important country. At the present moment he is devoting himself, with the zeal for which he is so remarkable, to the direction and organization of Model Associations, thus co-operating in the work which, in one form or another, promises to realize the theory of the emancipation of labour."

"The English press has not been silent on the great question of the age. The enquiries of the *Morning Chronicle* into the condition of the poor have had a prodigious effect. Pamphlets, ingenious, exact, and full of profound thought, have sprung up, together with newspaper and review articles, and eloquently impassioned speeches at public meetings. Never, at any period, did the public mind receive such an electric shock; never had there been such unexpected revelations, never such mournful tragedies disclosed to rouse humanity to feelings of horror and compassion. Truly it was needed."

"Now, the principle of the holy cause is won before the tribunal of men's consciences and of general opinion. Calmly do men discuss the course to pursue, the means to be employed, the results to be produced. For this special mission the Journal called *Le Guide* (the *Leader*) appears amongst others to be an excellent organ. It has very distinct outspoken opinions on many points, and admits into its columns the sincere exposition of very various doctrines, in order to make them all contribute to one common end: the improvement of the condition of the working classes! Association, the tenure of land, the condition of the industrial and manufacturing classes, and Democracy in England and Europe, have been the principal objects which the founder of the paper had in view."

"Under the title of Social Reform Mr. Hunt publishes a series of remarkable letters. That contained in the twenty-eighth number of the *Leader* is especially devoted to the condition of industry, to the doctrine of the political economists, to the *laissez faire* and *laissez passer*, to indifference towards the working classes, to the dread which the wealthy classes and political economists have of facing these questions, and to the necessity of at once beginning the work of reform. In another letter Mr. Hunt enters into an examination of Communism."

"A portion of the Journal is set apart as a kind of forum, a council open to the manifestation of various opinions. The editor gives them publicity, but is not responsible for them."

"The authentic record of the opinions and actions of European Democracy has also its own space in this interesting paper. There is no exclusion! Authenticity is the sole condition demanded by the editor. After stating the existence of Democracy as an acknowledged

act, and recommending the study of it as necessary to the understanding of the age in which we live, the *Leader* publishes the manifesto addressed to the Peoples on the organization of Democracy by Mazzini and Ledru Rollin, in the name of the Central Committee of European Democracy.

"Finally, we find in the number we quote from, the important news of an alliance between the Chartists and the Social Reformers."

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the condition of the operative tailors in the employment of Messrs. Nicoll, of Regent-street and Cornhill, and drew a contrast between their condition and that of the men who are forced to toil for little more than one-third of the wages paid by that firm. The facts with regard to the condition of Messrs. Nicoll's workmen were given upon the authority of the reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*, but it appears that they have been called in question, and, as we learn from the *Chronicle*, a meeting was held, on Monday night, in St. Martin's-hall, Long-acre, at which Mr. Henry Mayhew presided, for the purpose of hearing statements in opposition.

Before entering upon the business of the meeting Mr. Mayhew entered into an explanation of his own personal conduct in reference to his connection with the *Morning Chronicle*:-

"He was known to most of them as the special correspondent of that paper for the metropolitan districts; but he might not be known to them also as the originator of the enquiry which had taken place concerning the condition of the working classes throughout England. He himself proposed the subject to the proprietors of that journal, and he felt that it was his greatest glory to have been the means, for the first time in the history of this country, of diving into the depths and sifting the facts of the labour question. (*Hear, hear.*) He was now no longer the correspondent of that newspaper; and the meeting of that night had taken place, not only to vindicate the tailors and make apparent the misrepresentations contained in the article referred to, but to give him the opportunity of vindicating his character, and to tell them that he was not its author, nor would he be its author for any sum of money that could be offered to him. (*Cheers.*) When he first read the article, knowing what had really occurred, he confessed he could not understand it. It was beyond his comprehension. The lie had been given to everything he had previously written; and either he was the basest creature that had ever crawled upon the face of the earth, or the proprietors of the journal had some hidden object in view. (*Hear, hear.*) Upon seeing this letter, therefore, he wrote to the editor requesting him to state in his next number that he was not the writer of the article on Messrs. Nicoll's establishment. And what was the answer he received? No, he would do nothing of the kind. He (*Mr. Mayhew*) was no longer the 'commissioner' of the *Morning Chronicle*, and he would tell them why. When he began his connection with that paper, he knew how fat it was wedded to the creed of the politico-economical men of the day, and he stipulated, therefore, that nothing but the truth should be published; that no tampering with the truth should take place, and that what he penned should go in. (*Hear, hear.*) Its conductors gave him their word that it should appear. He meant to seek out the question, and so long as he stated facts connected with the state of the working men they were to be printed. Unfortunately he very soon began to find that anything which interfered with their notions as to what would benefit the working classes had the pen run through it; and so glaring a case of this nature occurred when he was engaged in enquiring into the condition of the bootmakers of London, that he felt he could no longer submit to it. In this case two passages were omitted from a letter to the effect that one of the bootmakers, believing that foreign boots interfered with his business, stated that he was prepared to compete with the French workman, provided taxes were removed from him; that he looked upon duties charged upon foreign articles as the foreigner's contribution of his quota towards the expenses of the Government of this country; he said, 'What would you think of admitting a Frenchman into this country, and because he was a Frenchman, allowing him to work in a house built with untaxed bricks, lighted with untaxed light, whilst he smoked untaxed tobacco, and drank untaxed gin? Why, then, am I to be loaded with this burden of taxation, and called upon to compete with the untaxed foreigner?' (*Loud cheers.*) Now, without entering at all into the question of Free Trade, he (*Mr. Mayhew*) thought this a very fair statement on the part of the working man, and that it was only right that it should go forth to the public. But the editor thought differently. He had told him (*Mr. Mayhew*) previously, that he considered the articles on the bootmakers were all against Free Trade, but his reply was, that he had nothing to do with that, and that his business was simply to record facts. His letter to the editor then went on to state that he did not question the exercise of his office as editor, but that still, he (*Mr. Mayhew*) was bound to see that the trust confided in him to state the truth was not rendered subservient to the politics of the paper; that if his facts were to be omitted because they were not thought to coincide with preconceived notions or a peculiar line of policy, he must decline continuing his services as the *Chronicle* correspondent, and he could not in honour continue to pursue his investigations until he had an assurance that the paragraphs whose omission he complained of should be inserted in his next letter, and that no matters of fact should be omitted in future. (*Cheers.*) After writing this note, his situation on the paper was not one of a very amicable nature. They were continually bickering, and he was as continually reminding

the gentlemen that he wished to be quit of his engagement; and he should have been quit of it had they not told him that if he went they would get somebody else to write the letters, and he certainly did not wish to father other person's articles. (*Hear, hear.*) At last they proposed to him that he should describe the state of the workers in metals in two articles; but feeling that he could not, in justice to the men and to himself, do so as an honest man, he replied, 'No; I have done with it; and he then left, and two or three days after came out the article respecting Mr. Nicoll."

Mr. Mayhew then proceeded to discuss the evils of the sweating system, insisting, as he went on, that the "mania for cheapness" lay at the root of it. There was a general desire for things at a cheap rate without regard to the manner in which they had been produced. The political economists contended that to produce with a greater amount of wealth with a lesser amount of labour, was a great blessing to the community. This might be the case if they could kill off the surplus labourers. But the labourers must be kept. They might be turned out of employment, but if they were not kept as honest workmen they would soon make their appearance as paupers or criminals. They must live in some way or other, and their means of living must be provided for by the rest of the community.

"A short time ago he went into Buckinghamshire to look at the allotment system. And in one parish of 1800 acres he found that only a few years ago there were 17 farmers, who occupied upon the average 100 acres, and constantly employed six men a piece, or in the aggregate upwards of 100 hands. Now, however, the farmers in that parish occupied to the extent of 300 acres each, and only employed six men and a few extra hands at harvest time; thus, the number of hands employed by this system was decreased one-half. He learned, moreover, from a clergyman there, who had resided in Wiltshire, that the same thing was going on in that county also; that small farms were giving way to large farms, and that half the labourers were displaced. The agricultural labourers were now supposed to be about 1,500,000 in number; so that, if this system were generally carried out, they must have been formerly 3,000,000. And what, he asked, were the 1,500,000 who had been displaced now doing? Where were they gone to? Had they remained at home preying upon their own people, or were they gone to other countries, or did they form a part of those bands of ruffians who were walking about the earth committing acts at which the soul revolted? The working-classes of Great Britain were about 4,000,000, out of a population of 18,500,000. These were the producers of the country. And the estimated power of the mechanical labour of this country was 600,000,000 of men. No wonder, then, that we talked of over population, and that there was a difficulty for men to get a crust for their day's subsistence. The one crying difficulty of the time was what we should do with the men whose labour was displaced by the progress which had been made by science and mechanical skill? (*Hear.*) They must wake up, then, to the actual reality of the state of things around them, and not continue to follow men like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright—(*Vehement and protracted cheering*)—who told them that they were happy, that they were well fed, that they had as much as they wanted, and that their wives and their children were not at that time starving. Let these men come with him (*Mr. Mayhew*) but one day, and he pledged himself to show them such scenes of horror and misery as should affright them—if they possessed souls—to their very souls. (*Renewed volleys of cheering.*) He had no creed as regarded the remedy as yet. He saw evil, but so many fresh ones were constantly presenting themselves in his pathway that, until all the facts were collected, it was impossible for him to state what he thought would cure them. Mr. Mayhew next treated the subject of 'illegitimate cheapness,' which he described as procured through the employment of—first, unskilled labourers—as apprentices, women, improvers, Irishmen, and countrymen; second, untrustworthy labourers—as the drunken, the idle, and the dishonest; third, the inexpensive labourers, whose subsistence was not included in their labour—as paupers, thieves, and prostitutes. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) All these competed, under the cheap system, with the honest, struggling, skilled workmen; and these were the parties who were employed by the cheap producers to drag down the industrious classes of the country. (*Cheers.*) Another mode was the indirect mode—that of cutting off the workshop, the lighting and firing, and placing them, as well as the tools, which tailors called 'trimmings,' on the workmen. Again, fines were imposed, and reductions in the price of food were made the pretence for reductions in wages. He observed that at the east end of the town many poor creatures had been reduced to such a state of misery as to be obliged, for subsistence, to pawn the articles upon which they had been working. The papers teemed with cases of the sort. And he regretted to see that, instead of taking the poor creatures from the dock, and putting the employers into it, the magistrates were too ready to listen to any paltry Jew who might come, from Judas Jacobs, or any other Hebrew, to swear, by Barabbas or Iscariot, or any of the brutal race who were thus festering upon us. (*Cheers.*) After some further observations, Mr. Mayhew summed up the effects of the 'sweating,' or 'domestic system,' as consisting—first, in its saving to the employer a considerable sum per annum in the shop; second, in its saving to him the trimmings; third, in the overcrowding of rooms; fourth, in diseases among the workmen dangerous to the public—a source of fever and contagion; fifth, in overwork and underpay; sixth, in Sunday labour; and, seventh, in making criminals and deteriorating the race of Englishmen. (*Loud cheers.*)"

Mr. Essery, a working tailor, here read a series of statements, in the form of evidence, furnished by persons said to have been in the employment of Messrs. Nicoll:-

"That the facts produced by the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in his letter on the condition of the tailors of London, under the head of 'Labour and the Poor,' are undeniable, and that 'sweating,' or 'the domestic system,' as it is now termed, is still the source of Sabbath breaking, vice, and domestic misery to the unfortunate persons employed under it; and that every representation to the contrary is totally devoid of truth, and put forth for the sole purpose of puffing inferior articles into public notice, to the injury of the honest tradesman, and the destruction of the rights of labour. That the 'sweating,' or 'domestic system,' is alike opposed to health, decency, and religion, from the evidence afforded by men and women working together in small and badly ventilated rooms, at all hours, Sundays as well as working days—the same apartment being bedroom, hospital, workshop, and kitchen. The fact that children are reared in the metropolis of Christian civilized England, not only in ignorance of all religious duties, but with the constrained example before them of the violation of the Sabbath day, and utter disregard of the decencies of civilized life, are circumstances that demand the serious attention of all who have an interest in the sanitary and moral condition of the people. Thus the most effectual check to these evils will be the withdrawal of the public patronage and support from all parties who carry on business under this most injurious and vicious system."

The *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday denies the statement that Mr. Mayhew's letters were ever garbled, or that the conductors of that journal have ever denied or justified the atrocities of the sweating system. As a proof that they never exercised that partisan supervision of which he accuses them, they refer to the fact that the "Protection Tract," No. 5, is principally made up of extracts from the Letters on Labour and the Poor, representing bootmakers and shoemakers as complaining of foreign competition. As regards the controversy about the condition and wages of the men in the employment of Messrs. Nicoll, the following letter appears in the *Morning Chronicle*:-

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Sir,—Finding that the truth of your remarks upon our establishment has been impugned in the columns of the *Daily News* and the *Morning Herald*, we beg to enclose the copy of a letter we have forwarded to each of those journals.

"We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
"Regent-street, Oct. 30." H. J. and D. NICOLL.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

"Sir,—Our notice has been called by your report of yesterday's proceedings at St. Martin's-hall, to meet which we have much pleasure in stating that our workmen are contented and happy, that their dwellings present more than the usual amount of comfort, of cleanliness, and decorum to be met with amongst mechanics generally.

"The same may be said with regard to their earnings; neither are the hours of labour longer, nor can they in any way be placed in an unfavourable comparison with any other class of workmen employed in any other kind of trade in the metropolis.

"You, Sir, or any one you may appoint, can, by calling at our counting-house, see our wages book, and afterwards, by visiting our workmen, can hear and see evidence in support of these assertions, and of the general correctness of the article published by the *Morning Chronicle* on the 4th of October, describing our establishment.

"Requesting you will insert this letter,
"We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
"H. J. and D. NICOLL.

"Regent-street, October 29."

THE SLAVE FUGITIVE BILL.

The excitement caused by the operation of the Fugitive Slaves Bill throughout the Northern States continues unabated; the result seems likely to bear out the prediction of the Abolitionists when the bill was passing through Congress, that it would greatly spread and strengthen the feeling against slavery. Several further attempts have been made to capture a number of fugitive slaves, and the most serious results are likely to follow. The blustering *Herald* says it would not be surprised to hear a war of extermination between the two races throughout the whole of the free states.

"After an agitation of twenty years," it says, "the slavery question has reached a crisis—the only crisis that could follow—and the scenes which the abolition fanatics laboured to produce in the south, between the black and white races there, are now in danger of being enacted in the free states. We shall look for later intelligence from Detroit with a great deal of interest."

A public meeting of the coloured population was held at Brooklyn, in reference to the bill, at which an appeal of the people of colour to the whites of the free states was unanimously adopted. At a public meeting in Boston, Mr. Frederick Douglass said it had been reported that the hunters were after him, but he could defy them. He stood, free, not in consequence of the passage of any law, but by the payment of 750 dollars in British gold, to the man who claimed to own his (Frederick Douglass's) body.

At Detroit the excitement is described as very great. The gail is guarded by the military, who are under regular army discipline. At Sandwich, in Canada, opposite Detroit, there were, at the lowest calculation, three hundred negroes, who lately crossed the river, and it was said to be dangerous for an American citizen from here to be seen among them.

THE IRISH CATHOLICS AND THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

The Irish papers give a long account of the opening of the second session of the Queen's College in the city of Cork, and the distribution of prizes to the students who had distinguished themselves in the various classes. The prizes consisted of handsomely bound books on subjects connected with the different branches of education for distinction in which the respective students received them. The different professors introduced their pupils, and Professor de Vericour is described as having been received on his entrance with enthusiastic applause. The chief interest of the occasion, however, turned upon the able and liberal address of Sir Robert Kane, the president, who indignantly denounced the thralldom in which those would hold the youth of Ireland who wished to shut them out from the education afforded by those colleges, and dwelt upon a document signed by eight Roman Catholic bishops in January last, who then believed that the colleges at least deserved a trial, and also on the fact that thirteen bishops had appealed to Rome to the same effect. The conduct of the Roman Catholic students in that college, and their strict attention to their religious duties since it had been opened, shewed that there was no tendency to infidel principles entertained, and that they were as remarkable for the absence of all such improper disposition as for the slightest deviation from general rectitude of conduct. The learned president resumed his seat, after the delivery of his address, amidst the warmest applause from a large assembly, chiefly composed of the parents and guardians of the students.

THE MOVEMENT FROM ROME.

The agitation caused by the Papal bull has not been allowed to subside in the metropolis. Cardinal Wiseman has addressed his "clergy, regular and secular, and the faithful of his arch-diocese and diocese," in a long epistle, which was read on Sunday in all the Roman Catholic chapels of the metropolis. It is subscribed, "Nicholas, by the Divine mercy, of the holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Pudenciana, Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Westminster, and Administrator apostolic of the diocese of Southwark," and dated "the Flaminian Gate of Rome," October 7th. It recites how—

"On the 29th day of the last month, on the Feast of the Archangel St. Michael, Prince of the Heavenly Host, his Holiness Pope Pius IX. was graciously pleased to issue his letters apostolic, under the Fisherman's Ring, conceived in terms of great weight and dignity, wherein he substituted for the eight apostolic vicariates heretofore existing, one archiepiscopal or metropolitan and twelve episcopal sees, repealing at the same time and annulling all dispositions and enactments made for England by the Holy See with reference to its late form of ecclesiastical government.

"And, by a brief dated the same day, his Holiness was further pleased to appoint us, though most unworthy, to the archiepiscopal see of Westminster, established by the above-mentioned letters apostolic, giving us at the same time the administration of the episcopal see of Southwark. So that, at present, and till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we govern, and shall continue to govern, the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex, as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berks, and Hants, with the islands annexed, as administrator, with ordinary jurisdiction.

"Further, we have to announce to you, dearly beloved in Christ, that, as if still further to add solemnity and honour before the church to this noble act of apostolic authority, and to give an additional mark of paternal benevolence towards the Catholics of England, his Holiness was pleased to raise us, in the private consistory of Monday, the 30th of September, to the rank of Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church; and, on the Thursday next ensuing, being the 3rd day of this month of October, in public consistory, he delivered to us the insignia of this dignity, the cardinal's hat; assigning us afterwards for our title, in the private consistory which we attended, the Church of St. Pudenciana, in which St. Peter is groundly believed to have enjoyed the hospitality of the noble and partly British family of the Senator Pudens."

As regards the brightening prospects of the "holy Roman Church," the astute cardinal indulges in a strain of eloquent exaltation over "this day":—

"To us a day of joy and exaltation of spirit, the crowning day of long hopes, and the opening day of bright prospects. How must the saints of our country, whether Roman or British, Saxon or Norman, look down from their seats of bliss with beaming glance upon this new evidence of the faith and church which led them to glory, sympathizing with those who have faithfully adhered to them through centuries of ill-repute, for the truth's sake, and now reap the fruit of their patience and long suffering! All those blessed martyrs of these later ages, who have fought the battles of faith under such discouragement, who mourned, more than over their own fetters or their own pain, over the desolate ways of their

own Sion and the departure of England's religious glory; oh! how must they bless God, who hath again visited his people, how take part in our joy, as they see the lamp of the temple again enkindled and rebrighting, as they behold the silver links of that chain which had connected their country with the See of Peter in its vicarial government changed into burnished gold; not stronger nor more closely knit, but more beautifully wrought and more brightly arrayed!"

Dr. Ullathorne, the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, was enthroned on Sunday morning in the cathedral of that town. The edifice was crowded. No less than twelve clergymen, formerly ministers of the Anglican church, were among those assisting in, or witnesses of the ceremony. The sermon, an hour-and-a-half long, was preached by Dr. Newman, and excited great interest. The preacher described the Catholics of England as having become tired, 300 years ago, of the blessings they then enjoyed, in consequence of which they were deprived of the hierarchy. The mystery of God's providence was now, however, fulfilled. He (Dr. Newman) did not recollect any people on earth, but those of Great Britain, who, having once rejected the religion of God, were again restored to the bosom of the church. The Bishop's inaugural sermon, in the evening, however, is described as "eminently plain and practical—free from the slightest tincture of acrimony."

The Sun of Thursday evening states that the neighbourhood of High-street and Union-street in the Borough have this week been kept in continual excitement owing to the extraordinary conduct of some Roman Catholic priests and their assistants. On each evening during the week the windows of the different rooms in one of the courts have been illuminated with candles, and a priest standing on a chair, dressed in canonicals, and having a crucifix held behind him, so as to give the interior of the court as near as possible the appearance of a Roman Catholic chapel during mass, has held forth to the surrounding multitudes on the doctrine and progress now said to be making in England of the Roman Catholic religion. The discourse has principally referred to the late assumption of spiritual power in this country by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, deductions being drawn therefrom that the established religion of this realm will be shortly overthrown, and the Roman Catholic religion assume its place.

A correspondent of the *Church and State Gazette* states that a large secession from the Anglican Church to that of Rome is about to take place. Among those who have lately gone over, we learn that:—

"Miss Yates, of Charlton-terrace, Islington, and several other Transitionist ladies, have been received into the Romish Church by Father Oakeley; and it is reported that several of the congregation of St. Margaret's, Leicester (the vicar of whom is Mr. Anderson, nephew of Archdeacon Manning), are also about to join the Church of Rome. It is also asserted that a number of the leading agitators have signed a document to the effect that unless the 'present state of things is entirely altered,' they shall feel themselves compelled to leave the Church of England."

The committee of the "London Union on Church matters," which is something of a Puseyite association, held a meeting on Monday, at which the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

"That this committee solemnly declares that it considers the present Episcopate of the Church of England to be truly and completely that which was founded by the successors of the Apostles, and therefore is entitled to the entire and undivided allegiance of members of the Church of England;" and also, "That this committee, having read and considered a recent Papal Bull, together with an address from Cardinal Wiseman, feels itself compelled to state that it considers the same, with the claims therein advanced, to be an unquestionable invasion of the Church of England."

An aggregate meeting of the beneficed clergy of the City of London was held at Sion College on Thursday, at noon, in pursuance of a requisition addressed to the Venerable Archdeacon of London, for the purpose of memorializing the Lord Bishop of the diocese on the appointment of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and to express publicly their collective opinion on the projected establishment of the Roman hierarchy in this country. An address to the Bishop of London was carried, in which "the recent aggression of the Bishop of Rome," was described as "a bold attempt to undermine and eventually destroy our constitution in Church and State." It was afterwards agreed, that a future meeting should be held to consider the propriety of presenting an address to the Queen.

BURGLARY, MURDER, AND ROBBERY.

Between three and four o'clock on Monday morning, the policeman on duty round the grounds by Chalk-farm Tavern, saw a young man passing whose appearance he did not like. He accordingly followed and overtook him near Primrose-hill. Observing something bulky under the man's coat he asked what it was. The man unbuttoned his coat and drawing thence a leathern bag said it was his own money he had worked for, at the same time producing 2s. 6d. The policeman, feeling pretty sure that a robbery had been committed, told the man he must go to the station-house. "For God's sake don't take me,"

said the man, "and I'll give you half." We shall now let the policeman tell his own story, as he gave it at the Marylebone police-office:—

"I laid hold of him by the back of the neck, and led him along, and for 500 yards he walked as quietly as possible. He then said something to me, but I cannot recollect the words he used, and, at the same moment, he suddenly sprang up, and I was stabbed by him in the face with a sharp instrument. I still kept hold of him, and we rolled together down an embankment. A scuffle then ensued between us, and he cut me again on the ear and the hand. I caught hold of his wrist, and saw the knife in his hand, which was upraised, as if in the act of once more stabbing me, the blow being about to be aimed at my head. We continued to scuffle, and the prisoner got away from me. I got up as quickly as possible, while the blood was flowing from me in a stream, and I ran after him with my drawn truncheon. When I had got within a few yards of him, the ground being slippery, he fell. I fell too. We both got up, and with my truncheon I gave him several blows, which brought him down. I hallooed out, and my cries brought to my assistance two railway policemen, by whom the prisoner was secured and conveyed to the station-house. I managed to walk there myself in a bleeding and fainting condition, and on searching the prisoner I found in his possession three bags, which I now produce. They contain £19 in shillings, a crown, 14 half-crowns, 128 sixpences, 24 fourpenny pieces, 15 threepenny pieces, and other moneys in copper. In one of his waistcoat pockets I found two fourpenny pieces, and in his fob a jet necklace."

On being asked from whom he had received the money, he said he had got it from Mr. Grumble, but was unable to say precisely how much of it there was. From subsequent enquiry it was ascertained that he had stolen the money from the house of Mr. Seaton, landlord of the Dublin Castle, Park-street, Camden-town. When brought before the magistrates on Monday, the prisoner, whose name is George Rouse, denied having broken into the house. The money had been given him by two men, strangers to him, who told him to carry it to Oxford-street for them, and they would put a trifle in his way. He was remanded till Monday next.

The exertions of the police to discover the man who was wounded in the Regent's-park affair have been at last successful. On Tuesday morning Police-constable Mason brought up from the Albany-street station-house, Regent's-park, a man named John Mitchell, who had been taken into custody in Southwark, on the charge of having been concerned in the above burglary. At twelve o'clock the prisoner was brought in by the gaoler and placed at the bar, and immediately all eyes were directed towards him. He is described on the charge-sheet as a labourer, living at 23 Little Surrey-street, Blackfriars, is about five feet six inches high, and of sallow complexion. He was attired in a rough coat, corduroy trousers, and boots; his left arm was in a sling, and, as he seemed so weak and faint as to be scarcely able to stand, he was told by the magistrate that he might sit while the evidence was being gone into against him. There was a mark on his left cheek, and he had evidently sustained injury upon different parts of his body. The enquiry, as may be imagined, excited considerable interest, and the court was crowded to excess. The prisoner is the man who was supposed to have been killed by Paul, the butler, when he fired into a bush beneath which he saw that some one was secreted. Mr. Paul, the butler, repeated the statement which he made on a former occasion regarding the burglary, and his firing at a man who concealed himself behind a bush. He could not say whether the man at the bar was the one at whom he fired the pistol. When asked if the man had a hat on, Mr. Paul said he had not. A policeman who had been called to the spot by the report of fire-arms, said he had traced spots of blood from the bush at which Mr. Paul shot to a fence 100 yards distant. At this stage of the proceedings the hat perforated with shot was produced, and the gaoler was ordered to see if it fitted the prisoner. "It's of no use trying it on any more," said the prisoner, "for I know it fits me." The cabman who took a wounded man in his cab to the Strand, on the night of the burglary, swore that Mitchell was that man. The latter had no hat on when he called the cab, and the blood was trickling down his face, as if from his wound on his head.

Mr. Broughton (to the prisoner): Have you anything to ask of this witness?

Prisoner: No. I don't deny that I am the man, for I'm guilty (great sensation in court), but the cabman has sworn falsely. It was not his cab that I rode in, and I know nothing about him. However, although he has sworn what is not true, I say that I am guilty.

It appears that the prisoner was apprehended on Tuesday night, at 23, Little Surrey-street, Finsbury, Blackfriars-road, by Sergeant Barry and Sergeant Brentford. In consequence of information they had received they went to the above house, and in the first floor back room they found the prisoner sitting up in his bed, and a woman poulticing his wounds. When told that he must consider himself in custody for the burglary at Mr. Holford's he said, "Very well, I'll go." He seemed extremely ill, and asked Barry to hand a bottle to him which was on a chest of drawers close by, from which he drank two glasses of port. At the station-house a doctor was

called to look at his wounds, and he received every attention. He had wounds on the back part of his head, his ears, and other parts of his person; and he stated that some shots were coming from under his tongue. He also said he had shot in his fingers, and in his loins, and legs. Mr. Everest, superintendent of the Rochester police, said he had long known the prisoner, and the others charged with him. He had good reason for believing that Mitchell was connected with a gang who had committed numerous burglaries in the county of Kent.

The prisoner was remanded till Monday, on which day he will be brought up with the other three, who already stand committed. He was removed from the dock by the gaoler, and as he was in a very weak state he was sent in a cab to the House of Detention, where he will no doubt be placed in the infirmary, and there receive such care and attention as the necessity of the case may require.

It now appears that instead of four burglars there were five engaged in the transaction at Mr. Holford's villa. They form part of a regular gang which frequent a low beer-shop, kept by a well-known character in the Mint, Borough. The entire gang are well-known to the police, and two are still missing—the man Dyson, nicknamed "the Doctor" (now in custody) but who has several other aliases; and "Artful Allen," the man believed to be shot in the hand. Some of the gang are known to the police as having been concerned in the robbery of bankruptcy stock, which occurred in Regent-street some three or four years ago. So convinced are the police of the parties being connected with this gang, that the whole of them have been under strict surveillance, as well as some women who have visited Dyson, and who have now moved from Martin-street to Gun-street, Southwark.

The adjourned enquiry before Mr. C. S. Woods, the coroner, at the White Hart Inn, Frimley, as to the death of the Reverend G. E. Hollest, was resumed on Tuesday and brought to a close. The coroner, accompanied by the jury, proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Hollest, whom he examined on several points not embraced in her former depositions. These points related principally to the penny token discovered in the prisoner Jones's pocket, and to the identification of Levi Harwood by his voice. On the return of the jury the coroner proceeded to sum up the evidence, directing the jury to consider Smith's confession as evidence only against himself. The jury having deliberated for a few minutes, found a verdict of "Wilful murder against Hiram Smith, James Jones, and Levi Harwood." They further expressed an opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to return an adverse verdict against Samuel Harwood, and that there was no evidence to show which of the three men included in their verdict fired the fatal shot.

Last week we gave an account of an extensive robbery which was committed from the shop of Messrs. Clapham and Williams, silversmiths and jewellers, in the Strand. Several parties have been apprehended on suspicion of having been concerned in it. On Saturday, Daniel John Shaw (a boot and shoemaker), James Badoock (also a boot and shoemaker), Eliza Shaw, (wife of Shaw), John Gardiner (a well-known "cracksman"), Mary Ann Cheruneau (with whom he lives), George Buncher (another notorious "cracksman"), and Mary Ann Buncher (his wife), were placed at the bar of Bow-street Police-court with Clinton, Messrs. Clapham and Williams's errand boy, who was charged with being concerned in the robbery. The boy had previously made a confession to one of the inspectors directly implicating Shaw, who was accordingly arrested. Sergeant Thompson said that on Saturday, about twelve o'clock, he apprehended Gardiner and Cheruneau walking arm-in-arm in the Westminster-road, near the Circus. He told Gardiner that he was charged with breaking and entering a dwelling-house in the Strand, to which he made no answer, and he handed the woman over to West, another officer. On the way to the station Gardiner merely exclaimed more than once, "Oh, well, we shall see." At the station the lad Clinton was brought into the yard, and Gardiner being brought into the yard also, he was asked if he was not one of the men he had let into the house, previous to which he had seen him through a window, when he held down his head, and said he was very like the man, but being told to hold up his head, and look steadfastly at him, he said, "Yes, he is," upon which Gardiner declared he had never seen the boy before in his life. The prisoner then refused to say where he lived, and said his business was that of a hawker. On Saturday morning Sergeant Thompson went to Pearl-row, Borough-road, where he found the prisoner Buncher, who occasionally went by the name of Luxton, and having told him the nature of the charge against him, his wife, who was present, turned out her pockets by the directions of witness, when, among other things, he found a piece of paper and a pawnbroker's duplicate for a gold ring, pledged on the 25th instant, at the shop of Mr. Barnett, St. George's-circus. Upon taking the duplicate from her, she held the piece of paper tightly in her hand,

and, on attempting to put it into her mouth, he wrenched it from her hand, when she said, "Tis about a loan, and I do not wish him (meaning her husband) to know anything of it." There was a list of jewellery, such as watches, diamond rings, &c., written in pencil, upon the paper. The male prisoner was shown to Clinton at the station, and being asked if he was one of the men who had spoken to him about the robbery, he at once said that he was. The witness said of Cheruneau that her real name was Leonard, and he had known her for years as a person who assisted men in committing robberies at night in the streets. Hannah Green, the female searcher at the station-house, said that when she was directed to search Cheruneau she took a bag of sovereigns from her bosom, which she handed to her, saying they were her own property, which she had saved up to go to America, and that part of them was given to her by her aunt, as letters in her possession would show. Sergeant West said that when Cheruneau was in custody she attempted to say something, but was prevented by Gardiner; and at the station-house she said she had nothing in her pocket; but when she was asked if she had any money about her she said she had, but it was no matter how much; and, having expressed a willingness to be searched, she took from her bosom the bag produced, containing £158 10s. in gold. The prisoners were then examined separately; and implicated each other. Cheruneau said that she was the wife of Henry Cheruneau, a regimental tailor, who was abroad, but she did not know where. She resided in Orange-court, Drury-lane, with her aunt, and was an unfortunate. Mr. Wontner said that as the female prisoner, Buncher, had only recently been confined, he had to apply for her discharge, there being no evidence against her, seeing that she was in such distress as to be obliged to pawn her dress for 2s.; and as there was no proof that the list of jewellery was connected with the robbery, he considered she was entitled to be held to bail. Mr. Henry refused; and the prisoners were remanded till Wednesday.

On Wednesday the prisoners were again brought up. The principal object of the examination which took place appeared to be to prove Kelly the porter's complicity in the affair, but the evidence on this head was not of a very trustworthy nature. Kelly was admitted to bail, himself in £200, and two sureties, one of whom was his employer, in £200 each. The other prisoners were remanded for a week.

The residence of Mr. Cephas Howard, cotton manufacturer, Brinnington Hall, near Stockport, was entered by burglars on the 16th ultimo, and a gold watch, a timepiece, some silver plate, and other property carried away. The persons who effected the burglary were three men named Harrison, Tracy, and Meegan. Harrison was apprehended trying to dispose of the gold watch in Shudehill Market, Manchester, and confessed the whole affair. The burglary had been planned at a lodging-house in Stockport. First of all they went and looked at the house during the daytime. They had ascertained that it was the house of a factory master, and concluded that he would have plenty of money. At midnight they set out upon their expedition:—

"We went up the Ashton-road, and got to the house about a quarter past twelve o'clock. We got over the fence near the lodge. There was a light in the lobby, and Dennis said he did not think they were in bed yet, as there was a light in the lobby; so we waited about an hour. The old man stood in front of the house, and Dennis and me went to the window. Dennis pulled his boots off, but I kept mine on. I got up to the window, and opened it, but I could not open the shutters; so Dennis got up and opened them. I went in first and struck a light. I found a gold watch on the cornice, and the gold spectacles. Dennis then broke open part of the sideboard, and took out the spoon and sugar tongs. I got two pairs of scissors and a silver tumbler out of a work-basket. We then took the boots and shoes, snuff-box, telescope, and eyeglass. We also took a timepiece from the cornice. The old man then came and took the things out of the window, after we had wrapped them up in a table-cover. We then went into an adjoining field, and cut part of the table-cover to put the timepiece in. Soon after the old man said the timepiece was too heavy to take away; so I took it back to the house. When I came to them again they were digging two holes to put the things in. We then left them there, and took a walk up the Ashton-road; when we got back it was about five o'clock. The old man put the coat on, Dennis put the shoes on, and I had the gold watch in my pocket. The other things I carried in my hand in a handkerchief. When we got to the lodging-house it was about six o'clock. The old man told me and Dennis to go in first, as he thought that Mary, a lass who lodged in the house, would be up going to her work. The lass was up, and asked me who had gone up stairs. I told her Dennis. As soon as she went to her work, Mrs. Meegan ran out of a corner, and said that she had been hiding, so that Mary should not know she had been up so soon. Then the mistress of the house came down with Dennis, and the old man came in. Patrick also came down, and we drank a bottle of brandy together. The old man put all the things into a box."

The stolen goods were afterwards packed up in a tea-chest and Harrison was sent to Manchester to dispose of them. It was while so engaged that he was apprehended, and no sooner was he taken into custody than he instantly informed upon his accom-

plices, who were taken up that day. Harrison has been committed to Chester Castle for burglary; and Patrick Meegan, Dora Meegan, Patrick Tracy, Ann Tracy, and Margaret Keen, for feloniously receiving.

INTENDED BURGLARIES.—Henry Johnson was brought up at the Marlborough-street Police-office, on Monday, charged with having been found in a house in Falconberg-court under suspicious circumstances. About two o'clock on Sunday morning the constable, while going his rounds, heard a noise in the passage of a house in Falconberg-court—a place resorted to by bad characters. Recollecting that a burglary had been committed the previous week at the house of Mr. Parton, Three Tuns, Oxford-street, the back of whose house could be reached through Falconberg-court, and that the thieves had been disturbed before they could secure their booty, he went forward and found the prisoner in the passage of the house. He asked him what he was doing there, and the answer of the prisoner was so unsatisfactory that he took him to the station-house. On searching him, the following stock in trade of a burglar was found:—A jemmy, with a sharp chisel at one end and a screw at the other; a new rope of a strong and peculiar make, a life preserver, and a box of lucifer matches. All these articles were quite new and of a superior manufacture. He was remanded.

Mr. Thorne, gutta percha manufacturer, New Bond-street, passed a social night with some friends on Monday, and about two o'clock in the morning he went home. He was let in with a Bramah key, and went up stairs into the drawing-room. Fancying he heard a noise, he called out "Jane," intending to awaken his domestic. No answer being returned, and hearing footsteps in the room above, he made his way down stairs, flung open the street door, and vociferated "Police!" Until the constable arrived, he began walking backwards and forwards in the passage; but seeing a man coming down stairs, of whose features he had a distinct view, he immediately ran to the street door and closed it. A constable having made his appearance, he let him in, and went with him to look for the intruder. He found the thief had made his escape through the staircase window, which was open. In a few minutes afterwards, a man was stopped as he was making his way out of the premises at the back, and on seeing him, he immediately recognized him to be the same man who was coming down stairs when he shut the door. The man, whose name was William Hicks, was brought up at Marlborough-street police-office on Tuesday, when the above facts were stated. Mr. Leadley, the chief clerk: When you shut the door, on which side were you? Mr. Thorne: On the outside, to be sure, holding on by the knocker. (Laughter.) A constable proved that he went after the prisoner, and came up with him just as he had been stopped. The prisoner flung away something, but the act betrayed him, as it was found that what he had thrown away was a box of lucifer matches, which the shock of falling on the ground had ignited. A dark lantern was also picked up, which the prisoner had also thrown away. The prisoner denied the charge, and was remanded.

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY AT A RAILWAY STATION.—The South Wales Railway station at Newport was broken into, and a considerable robbery effected, on Monday morning or Sunday night, evidently by some one who had a thorough acquaintance with the private business of the office. When the clerk and porters entered the office on Monday morning, they found that one of the octagonal windows looking out on the platform had the top and bottom squares of glass broken in the corners next the slides (which were let into the sash, and were not easily discernible). The slides were open, and the windows slightly ajar. This, of course, awakened instant suspicion, and on looking round it was discovered that a drawer, in which the clerks kept the keys of the iron safe, had been forced open, and the keys were gone. This led the way to the room in which the safe was deposited—a small private room on the platform side of the station. Here they found the office-door unlocked and open, and within, the safe was discovered to have been opened in the ordinary way by keys, and rifled of its contents, which amounted to about £45.

MURDER OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.—A horrible murder was committed in the island of Jersey last Saturday night. The victim was a woman named Mary Carleton, the wife of a pensioner. She and her husband had returned from market in a state of intoxication; and, a quarrel having ensued, it terminated in the murder of the unfortunate woman. The husband denies all knowledge of the murder. He states that he heard a noise in the house, and, upon going to see what was the matter, found his wife lying weltering in her blood. He has, however, been lodged in gaol on suspicion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen and Prince Albert, with the rest of the Royal Family, arrived at Windsor Castle, from Osborne-house yesterday. The royal party and suite travelled by the South-Western line of railway to Basingstoke, and from thence by the Reading branch to Windsor, on the Great-Western line. Her Majesty's private band, which has not played before the Court since the death of Sir Robert Peel, received orders to meet for rehearsal at the castle yesterday.

The Duchess of Kent, who came to Frogmore on the 18th instant, is enjoying excellent health, and takes her usual carriage airings when the weather is favourable. She drove as far as Claremont last week.

It is said that her Majesty and Prince Albert have planned several alterations and improvements to be carried into effect at Balmoral during the winter and early part of next season. She has also given directions to a "thrifty gudewife," with whom she was in the habit of taking a "rest" when in her walking excursions, and who is famed in the neighbourhood for her "spin-

min." to have a good "hamart-made" (home-made) gown ready by the time the Queen returns. Her Majesty wishes the gown made entirely of Scotch wool, or, properly, Highland wool, and similar to the one the "gude-wife" herself wears. Her Majesty has also left orders to get a number of cottages, similar to those erected last year, built during the winter, for the poor people on the estate; and has also given particular directions, we believe, to Mr. Anderson, the parish minister, that they be well cared for during her absence.

Lord Londesborough has taken possession of the splendid mansion and estate at Grimston Park, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, which he lately purchased from Lord Howden, her Majesty's minister at the court of Spain.

In addition to the very reprehensible omission of Lord Londesborough's name from the list of guests invited to the York Banquet, the *Manchester Guardian* mentions an almost equally infelicitous oversight in the fact of Mr. Bazley, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and one of the royal commissioners, being also uninvited.

The French Ambassador left London for Paris unexpectedly on Wednesday morning. His sudden departure was caused by the receipt of intelligence of the serious illness of his father. His absence probably will not extend beyond a week or ten days.

A report has got abroad that, abandoning his hostility to the industrial festival, Lord Brougham actually intends to exhibit a "double-armed" net, and to show the mode of using it in the neighbouring piece of water, after giving due notice to the magistrates that he wishes to try the question whether the Solway Act extends to the Serpentine.—*Morning Chronicle*.

It is said that Lord Stanley of Alderley is about to resign the Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. Nothing is said as to who his successor will be, in the event of his doing so.

The Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence, in the place of the late Sir George Hamilton. He will remain for a short time in England for the purpose of assisting in carrying into effect the contemplated reforms in the Mint.

A notification has just been issued to the following effect:—That it is the intention of the Lord Chancellor (as soon as practicable) to issue an order, directing that all the causes and matters in the Court of Chancery, which, at the time of the resignation of the Vice Chancellor Sir James Wigram, were attached to his Court, shall be transferred and attached to the Court of the Vice Chancellor Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce, and that all the causes and matters which, at the time of the death of the late Vice Chancellor of England, were attached to his Court, shall be transferred and attached to the Court of the new Vice Chancellor.

It is reported that Mr. M. D. Hill, Queen's Counsel, Recorder of Birmingham, has been offered, and has accepted, Mr. Baron Rolfe's seat in the Court of Exchequer, in the event of the learned baron being appointed to the vacant Vice-Chancellorship.

Dr. Wiseman, the newly-created Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, is a Spaniard. He was born at Seville, where his parents (natives of Waterford) had resided for many years. The father of the present Cardinal was an extensive wine merchant in the Andalusian capital.

It is rumoured that the Reverend Dr. Oke, the lower master of Eton School, will be selected to fill the vacant appointment of Provost of King's College. The Reverend Dr. Hawtrey, head master of Eton, has, it is stated, declined to be put in nomination.

The General Board of Health have appointed Mr. H. R. Williams, the accountant of the General Steam Navigation Company, to be treasurer and accountant under the Metropolitan Interment Act. H. Sickling, Esq., is appointed Master of the Supreme Court at South Australia.

At the late York banquet an incident occurred which shows the estimation in which Mr. George Hudson is at present held in his former stronghold—the corporation of York. In preparing for the reception of the guests, the paintings, chiefly portraits, were all transferred from the Mansion-house to the walls of the banqueting-room in the Guildhall, with the sole exception of that of Mr. Hudson, which was left alone in its glory, thus depriving the treble ex-mayor of the privilege of witnessing the dinner, even in effigy.

The committee for the management of the Bombay steam fund have presented the widow of the late Lieutenant Waghorn, through their agents in this country, with a Government annuity of £25 for the remainder of her life, out of the unappropriated balance of the fund in their hands. This fund was constituted by the proceeds of a public subscription at Bombay in 1833 for the purpose of promoting the great object of steam communication with England, and the amount raised has been appropriated from time to time in accordance with that design.

Shortly before the Emperor of Austria's visit to Bregenz the report was current that he had demanded the Princess Sidonia, niece of the King of Saxony, in marriage. The local papers now state the negotiations for the same have already been concluded. The princess is sixteen years of age.

The Queen of Spain has authorized the Duchess of Montpensier to absent herself, with the duke, one month from the kingdom, in order to condole with the ex-Queen of the French.

The political labours of the President of the French leave him some intervals for the indulgence of his disposition for Fine Arts. In addition to the proof furnished by the recent acquisitions to the Louvre from the King of Holland's sale, we learn that he has been lately sitting to our distinguished countryman, Sir Wm. Ross, for his miniature portrait.

The illness of the Duke of Palmella terminated fatally on the 12th ultimo, when he expired in the midst of his numerous family. He was conscious of the approach of death, and prepared himself by receiving the rites of the church, retaining his faculties almost to the last moment. The Duke was born on the 8th of May, 1781, and had consequently completed his sixty-ninth year. A very considerable part of his life was dedicated to the diplomatic service of his country, which he represented at the Congress of Vienna and in London. He was also selected to attend at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and his great wealth enabled him to vie on that occasion with the representatives of the other Courts of Europe.

Flotow, the composer, is about to bring out a new opera, entitled, *The Crown Princess*. It is to be performed on the 19th of November, the birthday of the Queen. The parts are already distributed, and he himself directs the rehearsals.

One of the Paris journals states that M. Emmanuël Lind, a chemist of some distinction, and brother of Jenny Lind, has just arrived in Paris, and is about to proceed to Havre, to embark for the United States, to join his sister.

It is reported that Feldzeugmeister Haynau intends to migrate to Vienna. Military circles still occupy themselves with the promotion of the gallant woman-flogger to the dignity of a field-marshal.

Meyerbeer is, we are informed, at present engaged in composing the music for the choruses of the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, which is about to be represented at Berlin. He has undertaken the task at the special request of the King of Prussia, whose passion for the old Greek drama is well known. The great composer is taking vast pains with the work, in order to render it not unworthy of the mighty original.

The poet, Freiligrath, has received orders to leave the village of Bilk, in the neighbourhood of Düsseldorf, where he was residing, and to quit the Prussian territories within a fortnight.

The Municipal Council of Paris has recently directed the taking of a detailed account of the labouring population of that city, with a view to ascertain precisely their number, various occupations, condition (as to daily earnings, locality of residence, and of labour, house-room, &c.), and whether migratory or constantly resident in the city. A great part of the materials have already been collected, and are found to be so far complete as to warrant the expectation that the final result will be a closely detailed and tolerably accurate view of the industrial operations of the French capital. The enquiry has been conducted, and the digest of the information obtained is being prepared, under the immediate superintendence of M. Horace Say.

M. Courville, a printseller in the Rue de Bac, and M. Jeanne, a printseller in the Passage Choiseul, were tried before the Court of Assizes of Paris last week, for exposing and offering for sale in their shops certain signs and emblems calculated to propagate the spirit of rebellion and to trouble the public peace. The emblems in question were busts and portraits of the Comte de Chambord. The jury returned a verdict of acquittal in both cases. The announcement of the verdict was received by the audience with shouts of "Vive le jury!"

The political prisoners recently confined in the fortress of Doullens have now been all removed to Belle Isle sur Mer, with the exception of M. Barbès and M. Blanqui, who have been retained in one of the prisons of Paris, in consequence of the bad state of their health. The authorities refused to allow the families of the convicts to see them, when passing through Paris, or to allow any sort of communication. The reason given for this rigour is, the discovery of a conspiracy among the prisoners to effect their escape; but the *National* says that this is a mere pretext. The steam-boat containing the prisoners passed by Nantes on the 23rd, on its way to Belle Isle sur Mer. The prisoners were kept below, and the deck was occupied by gendarmes mobile. The prisoners chanted the "Marseillaise," cried "Vive la République!" and waved their caps from the cabin windows.

The editor of the *Republicain de la Dordogne* has been condemned by default to a fine of 500 fr. for infraction of the provision of the press law relative to the signature of articles. This is the first condemnation of this kind which has been recorded, as verdicts of acquittal have been given in all other cases hitherto.

On Friday evening, at nine o'clock, a man broke a pane of glass in the Rue Vivienne of M. Asbruc, a money changer, in the Rue Vivienne (one of the most crowded quarters of Paris), and carried off a bowl containing 7000 fr. in gold. He was at once pursued and seized, but he had dropped a considerable quantity of the gold, which was consequently lost. The thief was immediately carried to the police-station and locked up. An hour afterwards he was discovered dead in his cell, having hung himself with his neckcloth.

A crowd of persons assembled in the Champ de Mars, on Sunday, to witness the proposed tournament. But the weather scowled upon the pageant quite as discouragingly as on the occasion of the Eglinton jousts; but the knights did not exhibit the same mettle, for no champion armed at all points appeared, and the tilting was put off till Thursday.

The *Milan Gazette* publishes an official announcement from the Lieutenant-General of Lombardy, dated the 24th ultimo, informing the public that the lycæums of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom are to be opened on the 3rd of November. No lycæum is to admit students that are not of the province in which it lies. Private philosophical teaching, as it is called, is suppressed. The two universities of Pavia and Padua are to be opened at the same time. Certain restrictions are imposed on the admission of students who are not of the kingdom, in politics, legal and mathematical faculties.

The new press laws in Saxony are likely to prove of advantage to Berlin. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, as the old proverb says; and the strict, if not ty-

rannical, laws which were octroyed in the beginning of June last, are proving so disadvantageous to the book trade in Leipzig, that it is not improbable that the great central book mart of Europe will be removed to Berlin. The booksellers and publishers of Leipzig have represented to the Minister of the Interior the enormous losses which the town will receive if the laws are not altered, and the town council, on the motion of the celebrated bookseller, Brockhaus, resolved to petition the Government.

The *Augsburg Gazette* states that the Russian Court will pass the winter at Warsaw. The motive for this is said to be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, which it is not wished to celebrate at St. Petersburg, because, according to the Russian laws, after the twenty-fifth year of a reign, the Senate must cease its functions, and the Emperor cannot be present at that time. Since Peter the Great, no Russian Sovereign has occupied the throne for twenty-five years.

At the intercession of Prince Paskiewich, the Emperor of Russia has granted permission to several Polish emigrants, who were living in exile, to return to their own country. Persons thus amnestied will not, however, receive their confiscated property again, neither will those who were of noble birth be permitted to resume their titles or privileges of nobility, which had been declared forfeited. Several Poles who had been banished to Siberia have just been amnestied by the Emperor, and permitted to return to Poland.

From an official report of the operations of the credit establishments of the Russian empire for 1849, it appears that, on the last of January, 1850, the debt had increased to 336,219,000 silver roubles. This, however, is a moderate amount compared with the future resources of the empire. But it is not so with the floating debt, which, after deducting the value of guarantees, exceeds 163 million roubles. For a state which has no more than 600 millions annual revenue, this proportion of the floating debt to the ordinary receipts, indicates an irregular state of finance, and doubtless presages a new loan, most likely more considerable than was that effected last year in London through Messrs. Stieglitz, of Petersburg, and Baring, of London, for £500,000.

By the Overland Mail, which reached London yesterday morning, we learn that India continues undisturbed, even the Afredecas were said to be perfectly quiet up to the latest date. Sir Charles Napier was expected to leave Simla, on his way to Bombay, about the 5th of November.

Private letters from the Mauritius state that a French merchant at Re-union has effected a commercial negotiation with the Queen of Madagascar, by which, for a present payment of £50,000, he had secured a monopoly of the trade with that island. The resumption of commercial intercourse on any terms will be hailed with considerable satisfaction in both the Isle of France and Re-union Island, to both of which the event is of considerable importance.

The *Boston Transcript* suggests, on the authority of a correspondent, that a line of first-class packets will agree, provided 100 passengers can be obtained, to furnish a passage to Liverpool and back, with good accommodations and excellent fare, for 60 dollars each passenger—to leave Boston at the middle of May next, and to sail on the return about the 1st of August. It is stated that the trip can be made, including the expenses of three weeks' residence in London and three weeks devoted to excursions in various parts of England, at a cost of 100 dollars.

A terrible accident occurred at New York on the 12th ultimo. The ship *Western World*, from Liverpool, had been unloading for the last two or three days at pier 8; and, on Saturday, a quantity of pig iron, amounting to about 150 tons, had been removed from her and laid in one spot on the dock, and several carts and men were engaged in putting it on board a barge, which lay at the end of the wharf. From the great weight of the iron, being all on one spot, the pier gave way, precipitating carts, horses, men, and women into the river, with a terrible crash and commotion of the water. The ship and barge were caused to roll for a considerable time. The three beams upon which the planking rests broke off near the stones on which they rested, while the pressure of the iron downward caused the planks to start up, and some of them were cut off as short as if they were sawed. Three persons were drowned and several severely injured.

An immense room called the "Triper Hall" has been erected in New York for musical purposes. It has been taken by Mrs. Bishop and Bochs, who will open it and give a series of concerts, with 200 performers.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave a grand ball and entertainment on Tuesday evening, in the Egyptian Hall, which was attended by between 600 and 700 distinguished visitors.

The Commissioners of Woods and Works have now completed the arrangements for carrying into effect the projected park in Battersea-fields, and have purchased, for the sum of £11,000, the celebrated shooting-grounds and premises so long known as the Red House. The present occupier is to be allowed to remain in possession for fifteen months, as it is the intention of the commissioners to commence without delay the erection of the iron suspension-bridge, which is to cross the Thames immediately below the Royal Hospital on the Finsbury side.

The annual meeting of the Midland Association of Literary and Mechanics' Institutions, was held at Leicester on Tuesday. The chair was taken by Mr. Denison, M.P. An interesting discussion on the causes of the small use made of these institutions by working men took place. It resulted in a recommendation to the several institutions to consider the desirableness of having low subscriptions to separate departments, to in-

terpret rules about the admission of books and newspapers in a liberal and comprehensive spirit, &c. The delegates dined together. In the evening a soirée was held, presided over by J. Hollings, Esq., of Leicester, the new president. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Denison, M.P., Ellis, M.P., Harris, M.P., George Dawson, W. Biggs, Reverend James Aspinall, rector of Althorpe, Lincolnshire, &c.

A great temperance meeting was held at Drury-lane Theatre, on Monday night, as the first of a series in the metropolis. The immense building was almost filled, notwithstanding the charge for admission, which the committee were obliged by the lessees to raise almost to playhouse prices, "to ensure the respectability of the audience." The secretary stated, that invitations had been addressed to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ashley, and other noblemen: the former replied that "public duty" prevented his attendance. Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M.P., presided. J. Cassell, Esq., addressed the meeting at some length. Mr. G. Cruikshank, the well-known artist, interested the audience with Shaksperian citations apropos to the occasion. The Reverend W. Forster and G. W. M'Cree also spoke; but the great attraction was the Reverend G. Copway, the Indian chief, who appeared in his "native dress": the conclusion of his speech was made laughable by a person climbing on the stage, to give him a bunch of grapes. A band played the "Drum Polka," and other pieces; the national anthem concluding the performances.

A supper was given to Mr. Ernest Jones, at the City Hall, Cripplegate, by the Chartists of that locality, on Wednesday last.

An expedition drawn from the Great Exhibition of 1851 might afford ample space for the reliques from Nineveh—the sphynxes, lions, obelisks, and even for the sculpture now scattered along dark galleries, or barred off from observation in "souterains" at a temperature below zero! The great internal courtyard, if covered in with a glass dome, would give room for the whole contents of the national collection. An ample causeway might be reserved all round, and at the angles four areas, as large as most structures possess in cities. With four entrances from the centres of the square it would be accessible on all sides, and, being covered in with pellucid glass, this colossal hall, whatever its height, could obstruct no light from the windows of the present structure. Ornamentation to any extent might be introduced in stained glass; but simplicity, as in the details of the Exposition, is the truer nobility. From a miniature example (the rotunda in the Colosseum) the advantages of a circular and well-lighted hall may be inferred; and, whilst such a structure may be easily heated to a genial temperature, there is no danger from fire, as the material is at the same time incombustible and almost imperishable. Ventilation in summer can be as easily assured as warmth in winter.—*The Builder.*

The bequest of the late Mr. Hartley to the town of Southampton, for scientific purposes, has now been converted into English securities, and has realized £82,500. This bequest, the amount of which has been thrown into Chancery, will, in a few weeks, be the subject of investigation before that court.

Carisbrook Castle, one of the most interesting of our historical monuments, is fast going into decay, not so much from the ravages of time as from neglect. The chapel, a comparatively small structure, is in a sad state, half the roof blown off, and the fittings, pulpits, pews, boarded floor, &c., rotted from the rain which pours in; Other parts of the fine old castle are crumbling away; stone after stone disappearing; and nothing is done to stay the progress of destruction.

Much anxiety prevails at the General Post-office in consequence of the absence of Mr. Joseph Harris, one of the inspectors, who has suddenly, and without cause, disappeared from his family since last Saturday. A reward of £10 has been offered for his recovery, and bills have been circulated descriptive of his person. It is suspected that he has met with foul play.

A painful accident took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday evening, during the performance of the new comedy, *My Heart's Idol*. In the first scene Mr. Mathews, while fighting a duel with Mr. Vining, received the point of the sword in the palm of his left hand, through which it completely passed. Mr. Mathews left the stage immediately, and the audience was not aware that the accident had happened until Mr. Roxby, the stage manager, craved the indulgence of the audience for Mr. Mathews, who had met with an accident. After a delay of about an hour the performance was resumed. The wound is said to be of a rather serious character.

A gentleman, named George Woodland, who had been spending the evening at the Grapes Tavern, Union-street, Borough, on Thursday, while walking home with a friend, over London-bridge, mounted the parapet and threw himself over into the river. No cause is known for his committing this rash act. He appeared perfectly sober at the time.

At Demy, near Dymock, Gloucestershire, a man named John Stephens, went into the house of an acquaintance named Sandford, last week, with a gun in his hand, and, in the course of conversation, said he would extinguish the candle by discharging a percussion cap. Having placed the cap, he levelled the piece, and fired, and the charge entered the back part of the head of Sandford's son, a child thirteen months' old, who was sitting on his father's knee when the painful accident happened, and killed him on the spot.

At the Central Criminal Court on Monday, Henry Denman, who was at first apprehended on the charge of having been one of the parties concerned in the attack upon Mr. Cretton, a few weeks ago, was found guilty of having feloniously assaulted Thomas Miller, an artist's colourman, in Long-acre, on the 2nd of August, by placing something round his neck, the effect of which was to cause almost immediate suffocation. The prisoner was sentenced to be transported for twenty years.

A Catholic clergyman, in Flintshire, having obtained

information, on Sunday week, that a number of his flock were playing at cards in a house near his dwelling, he immediately started off to their ungodly rendezvous, and caught several Irishmen in the fact. He forthwith seized a whip, which was at hand, and belaboured his erring flock most unmercifully, till one and all cried out for pity, and promised never to break the Sabbath in like manner again.

A pleasure van, returning from Hampton Court, on Sunday, with a party of men and women, eighteen in number, in passing through Turnham-green, was discovered to be on fire; the loose straw at the bottom of the vehicle blazed up so fiercely that the women's dresses were ignited, and some of them were severely burnt. The flames communicated to the awning, and before the fire could be put out the van was a complete wreck. Mrs. Short, of Charles-street, Drury-lane, the wife of the proprietor of the van, was so severely injured that she had to be taken to the hospital. The disaster was occasioned by some one of the party smoking and dropping his light.

An accident of an alarming character occurred on the South-Western Railway, near the Richmond station, on Sunday evening. The 6.30 train from Waterloo to Windsor having left at the usual time, proceeded as far as Richmond without interruption, and shortly afterwards a train of empty carriages from Twickenham came along the same line. Owing to the damp state of the weather, and the great quantity of leaves which had fallen from the trees and settled upon the rails, made the latter extremely slippery, so that the Windsor train found some difficulty in getting up the incline over the river, and the consequence was that the Twickenham train overtook the preceding one on the incline. The force of the two trains meeting caused great alarm amongst the passengers in the Windsor carriages, and in an instant a horse box and carriage truck were thrown completely over the wall, and they fell into the park below. At the same time a break van was shattered to pieces, which, of course, interrupted the due course of the traffic on the line for some time. Although the passengers of the Windsor train were greatly terrified, no one sustained personal injury.

The city of York was visited by a dreadful conflagration on Tuesday, at the extensive premises of Mr. Catley, raff merchant, in Skeldergate. It is estimated that £3000 will not cover the loss sustained. The saw-mill, which is entirely gutted, the burnt walls only remaining standing, was a valuable building, containing a large quantity of machinery, worked by steam power, for sawing timber of all kinds, cutting veneers, and wood turning generally. The machinery is rendered useless, and now lies scattered about among huge masses of charred beams and ashes. Mr. Catley is insured in the Yorkshire Insurance Company to the extent of £1000 only, and if he should not be insured in some other office, his loss will be a serious one.

Already there are serious dissensions among the supporters of the proposed Roman Catholic University in Ireland, and discontent is expressed regarding the construction of the sub-committee entrusted with the arrangement of the details. *The Tablet* of Saturday, after urging the necessity of prompt action in "opening one or more of the faculties in such temporary buildings as can be procured for the occasion," with "the sums already collected, the interest of Dr. Cantwell's fund, and the fees that would be received from pupils," proceeds to express decided dissatisfaction with the laymen named on the sub-committee, observing that "the educated laymen of Ireland would turn to the ecclesiastical members of the committee as a security against the laymen whom they have chosen as their coadjutors." *The Nation* remonstrates against the selection of laymen in a similar strain, describing them as "very respectable, very wealthy, and rather stupid gentlemen—Whigs to a man." This is a very inauspicious commencement of "a great national university."

The death of Mr. S. Dickson, M.P., which took place at his house in Limerick on Monday, has left a vacancy in the representation of the county of Limerick, for which there are already several candidates in the field. Of these Captain Dickson, of Croom Castle, Mr. Gould, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and Mr. Carlton are mentioned. The friends of Mr. John O'Connell are still unwilling to create another vacancy in Limerick by his retiring, until the Liberal constituency shall have been strengthened somewhat by the new Franchise Act.

The sales in the Encumbered Court, which had been interrupted during the recess, recommenced last week. The entire amount realized on the first day was £49,425. The competition was very active for several of the lots. Some tenant-farmers took a spirited part in the biddings; but in no case did a farmer succeed in becoming a purchaser. On this occasion there were no English or Scotch bidders in the court.

Two fellows, named Dunne and Dolan, car-drivers, have been committed for trial, from the Dublin head police-office, for a felonious outrage—unhappily, in one case successful—on two young dressmakers, named Purser, cousins, who, having hired the car to take them home from the theatre at night, were driven by those ruffians down a dark road, and then subjected to the most infamous treatment.

The Irish papers contain an account of another agrarian murder. A bailiff named Andy had gone to serve an order from the Tipperary Bank on Luby, a farmer, who, on seeing the bailiff enter, deliberately laid hold of his gun, and advancing to within one or two yards of him, fired, and literally tore open the belly and side of the unfortunate man. It is needless to say that he died instantaneously.

A shocking murder was perpetrated near Templemore on Saturday last, a young man named Thomas Martin having been slaughtered in a very barbarous manner, for having taken some lands adjoining his own, from which a person named James Joyce had been dispossessed. One person is in custody for the murder.

European Democracy, AND ITS OFFICIAL ACTS.

This page is accorded to an authentic Exposition of the Opinions and Acts of the Democracy of Europe: as such we do not impose any restraint on the utterance of opinion, and, therefore, limit our own responsibility to the authenticity of the statement.

CIRCULAR No. 2.

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

ITALIANS!—Without money no undertaking is possible. The National cause has need of materials of war, collected and ready for the moment when European circumstances, which can neither be calculated upon nor foreseen, shall give the opportunity of rising.

Through the want of arms and means the ruin of our movements has been accelerated. Precious time and money has been expended in providing materials of war, which arrived too late, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The first days of a movement are the most difficult. At such a time the uncertainty of the internal state of the country, and a redoubled vigilance from without, cause delays and obstacles of every kind to the providing of arms and money, which are of vital importance. And the Lombardo-Venetian provinces and those of the Centre will inevitably be in want of arms during the first days. It is necessary to provide them. Your committee has proposed the means which appear to them the best. For the dignity of the cause, which is yours, by the facility which it affords of collecting a vast capital by small sacrifices from every man, by the security which it offers, the *National Loan*, opened in our Circular No. 1, is a more fitting plan than an invitation to immense sacrifices on the part of a few individuals, or than the method of irregular voluntary offerings, which are uncertain in manner, in amount, and in time. The undertaking is for all; let it have the aid of all. Let the Nation save the Nation.

Are there not two hundred thousand patriots in Italy? Do they not feel that the conflict for our holy banner is inevitable? Do they not desire that those who will be the first to fight shall have the means of fronting the enemy? Would they not give to us when invested with power and guiding the movement? Let them give to us as citizens. We now represent the thought of the Nation in exile, as formerly in Rome and in Venice. And the day will come when every one of our notes will be a document of merit and a title of honour to the Italian, who before that day shall have become a purchaser of them.

But there is another object in addition to the first; the moral object. A loan raised by simple citizens for the National cause, and taken up while the Papal and the Austrian Loans do not succeed, or succeed only by compulsion, raises the National party to an undeniable power in Europe; constitutes it an element influencing Peoples and Governments who are now, from a want of positive knowledge respecting Italy, but lukewarm friends; and places beyond doubt the virtue of sacrifice of the people and their irrevocable determination that the undertaking shall succeed. Our loan is a new fact, without example until now; it remains with us all to consecrate it an Italian fact.

Italians! do you will the end? Will, then, the means. We call upon the national party, upon the Italian Democracy, upon all who desire its triumph, for a proof of real life. Give it in the name of God, and show to Europe that you are worthy of liberty, and resolved to conquer it, and ready to give for it your substance, as you have already given, and will, when the time shall arrive, give for it your blood.

London. For the Italian National Committee,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.
A. SAFFI.
A. SALICETTI.
G. SIRTORI.
N. MONTECCHI.
CESARE AGOSTINI, Secretary.

We give above the Circular No. 2 of the Italian National Committee, which has just been placed in our hands. Like the first, it concerns the National loan of 10,000,000 francs, which is attracting so much attention abroad, and which is beginning to attract attention here. Last week we endeavoured to assign to the Italian National Party its place in the Democracy of Europe, and to point out the political importance of its movement. But there is another point of view necessary to its complete appreciation, which should ever be borne in mind, and to which, just now, there are peculiar reasons for drawing the attention of this country—we mean the religious point of view. A united Italy implies a banished and dethroned Pope, and a country emancipated from religious servitude as well as from political misrule. No other Democracy in Europe presents so manifest a double claim to our serious appreciation. And the fact gains immensely in significance for the future, if we can discover in the Republican party in Italy the existence of any profound consciousness of this religious character of their movement, dating from an early period in its career, and associated with ardent religious aspirations, and with something like a positive religious faith. A work has lately been brought before the English public,* a perusal of which is absolutely necessary to a correct appreciation of the Italian Republican Party. It consists of a series of articles by Signor Mazzini, bearing upon both the political and the religious character of the movements. Their author is the acknowledged head and the authorized exponent of his party's creed; and

* "Royalty and Republicanism in Italy," by Joseph Mazzini. London: C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Without.—See *Leader* of Oct. 29.

his writings, especially those of a recent period, may fairly be considered as their official acts and declarations. Viewing them in this light, we shall proceed to reproduce here some extracts bearing on the religious aspect of the question.

We quote first from an article entitled "From the Pope to the Council;" for as it is for the most part a reproduction of what the author had already written and published as far back as 1832, it is important as offering conclusive evidence of the opinions of himself and of his party at that early period of their career. He says:—

"It is over seventeen years since I wrote: 'Italy, setting aside the great and important spectacle of a people aspiring to regain its unity, independence, and liberty, presents at the present time a phenomenon that merits the attention of all peoples, and of all those who watch with attention the progress of humanity. In the midst of all those efforts which spring up and die to be reproduced the day after, in the midst of that universal ferment which extends from the Alps to the Pharo, like a boiling spring, whose source is in the Roman soil—a great fact, an European fact, is being accomplished. There is something more in this land than an oppressed and excited population; something more than a multitude desirous for the amelioration of its material condition; something more than a few communes insisting upon their franchise. There is the development of a moral revolution, the manifestation of a moral law, the proclamation of a principle of moral liberty. There is the human race at the gates of Rome, imperiously demanding its franchise.

"PAPACY IS EXPIRING.—PAPACY IS EXTINCT."

And then, after tracing the destruction of Papacy in its moral power from the time of Luther, he goes on to declare its existence to have become merely fictitious, serving as a pretext and as a tool for the schemes of despotic governments, and he proclaims the mission of the Italian people to accomplish its destruction. He says:—

"And yet, Papacy still exists; although worn out and undermined on all sides, it exists, a pretext for the machinations of absolutist Governments; a visible centre for cunning and incapacity; a loathsome symbol, but still keeping the field, and disputing the ground to those who would lay there the foundations of another temple. Whilst it remains, the shadow of the idol will always extend itself, because within that shade Jesuits, priests, and fanatics will shelter themselves to disturb the world: whilst it remains, discord will exist between moral and material society, between right and fact, between the present and the imminent future. And the Papacy will exist until new-born Italy shall overthrow the seat on which it slumbers. In Italy, then, is the solution of the European question. To Italy belongs the high office of proclaiming the general emancipation, solemn and accomplished. And Italy will fulfil the duty entrusted to her by civilization."

After lamenting over the religious indifference and the materialist conceptions which despotism and Papal corruption had engendered in his country, he earnestly enforces the religious character of the movement in these words:—

"Papacy is extinct; but religion is eternal; Papacy is only a form—a form rendered antiquated and worn out by the idea that has undergone a development, and which seeks to manifest itself.

"Catholicism is extinct; but you who watch over its bier, remember that Catholicism is only a sect, an erroneous application, the materialism of Christianity. Remember that Christianity is a revelation and a predication of principles, of the relations of man with that which is beyond himself, unknown to Paganism. Remember that those principles are the same that are inscribed upon the banners of the lovers of liberty. Remember that it is not men, but the age, circumstances, progress, and the manifestation of some new principle, that change religions; and that whoever attempts to substitute himself for the age, and for those causes, is guilty of a foolish and fatal mistake. Remember, in short, that a religious principle has always presided over two-thirds of the revolutions of single peoples, and over all the great revolutions of humanity: and that to desire to abolish it where you have no other to substitute, where there is neither education nor any profound conviction of general duties, nor a uniform conscience, nor the habit of high social virtue, is the same thing as to create a void, to open an abyss, which you will perhaps be the first to fill."

Such is the doctrine, such are the aspirations of Italian Democracy, dating from 1832, and expounded by its acknowledged chief. To-day they are not less earnest, and assume a more real and practical shape. One of the documents contained in the volume from which we quote, is an appeal from the Encyclica of Pius IX, given at Portici, Dec. 8, 1849, to the priests of Italy, and contains the following significant passages:—

"Priests of Italy, our words are grave. As you value the salvation of the world, and your faith, give ear unto us. We could—one of yourselves has confessed it, [the Father Ventura]—and may it be a proof of the spirit in which we address you—conquer without you; but we do not wish: Are you not our brothers? Are you not born, you also, on this Italian soil that we are endeavouring to sanctify in love and faith? Are you not sons of this people, now filled with anger and mistrust, and that we would fain unite in a single family? We attempt no arts of seduction or terror with you; we do not persecute our adversaries with calumnies; we do not exhort you to refrain from reading their books, or from listening to their discourses. We ask from you but one thing: listen also to us. Or better still, hearken to the voice of humanity which God has confided to your care: between humanity and the Pope place the opened Gospel; then, freed from hatred and blind submission, examine your consciences and judge. Our appeal to you is truthful: men, and prone to err, we may sin through ignorance;

but not through hypocrisy. We have the boldness of truth: the Pope knows this, and for this he fears us. He who addresses you in the name of his brothers, can say to you: Examine my life—you will not be able to find therein a single act which contradicts the faith I inculcate; examine all that I have written during the last twenty years; you will not be able to find therein a single line breathing irreligion or materialism. As the interpreter of many of my brethren I declared from the time that my mind opened to the Italian thought, that a separation had long existed between the religious and the political idea, between the church and humanity;—that this separation was fatal; that without a faith no good thing was possible—neither a society of brethren, nor a true and peaceful liberty, nor a country, nor any efficacious transformation of the corrupt element in which we live;—that it was necessary at every cost to reunite earth to heaven, our earthly life to the conception of eternal life, man to God, his father and teacher. And now I add, that the hour is at hand, that the time is ripe, that materialism is conquered, that the want of religious life is universally felt, and that through you alone, through your obstinacy in upholding a falling edifice, in supporting the church, though adverse to the inevitable progress of humanity, men are living in doubt, religion is exiled from their souls, and in spite of all we can do, times of discord and works of blood are being prepared, for which you will be responsible before God and men."

"Revolution is then, for us, a work of education, a religious mission. If we only had to sustain us in our struggles, the impulse of anger or of reaction, we should long since have been disheartened by doubt and wearied by delusions. If we only drew our inspiration from the love of power, we could, by sacrificing our convictions in part, have at once satisfied the low desire. As the church is hostile to the spirit of truth, and degenerated from its first institution, we are now the militant church of precursors to the temple which shall be rebuilt, invoking the kingdom of God, upon earth as it is in heaven."

"The principle," we said, "when we commenced the 'Italia del Popolo' (the Italy of the People), 'proclaimed by the people as the highest authority in the sphere of political life, under the name of Constituent, will have its inevitable application in the sphere of religious life; and that application will be called Council.'"

"National sovereignty is the remedy universally accepted for saving the country from the negation of all authority, from anarchy. Let the sovereignty of the church—and by the church we understand the people of believers—save society from the absence of all religious principle and authority. Constituent and Council; these are the prince and the Pope of the future."

"We again repeat these words to the priests of Italy, with a deep sense of affection and hope. May God enlighten them for the sake of the country and for the sake of the church! May it awaken in them faith in works, holy hopes, the charity which transforms the languor of unbelieving souls into the fever of life! May it reveal to them, so that they do not sin in mistrusting us, our intention and our mission! The church is Caesar's, let them return it to God. The hierarchy is changed into a parasitical plant, consuming the life of an institution destined to enlarge and raise itself with humanity: let them uproot it, and let them renew the institution in the election and in the inspirations of the people. The word of Jesus is destroyed, betrayed, sacrificed to the falsehoods of those who call themselves the princes of the earth: let them reestablish it in honour. Humanity thirsts after progress and faith; after an authority freely erected and obeyed; and the Pope replies: 'Immobility and passive obedience.' To the council! to the council! The church shall furnish another answer."

Our press, for the most part, concerns itself exclusively with the political views of parties and of the day; it ignores the higher questions of human spiritual progress, which might confound its reasonings. Reacting for the moment against the recent flagrant usurpation of spiritual authority over these realms by the Pope, the *Times* declares its hope that the "effect will be to bring home more thoroughly to men's minds the degradation of that allegiance to Rome which submits the most sacred interests of life and society to a power which we would not entrust in temporal concerns with the authority of a parish vestry;" and yet no journal in Europe has been a more unscrupulous advocate of the measures taken by European Catholic powers to rivet the chains of papal servitude upon the people of Italy; it is only when papal assumption stretches to these shores that the leading journal of England feels called upon to protest. But in these times, when papacy has become the tool of general reaction, when we see its alliance hypocritically sought in France and elsewhere for views of mere political expediency, by public men, whose whole previous lives have been an avowal of the materialism of the eighteenth century, and when it seeks at last, in the pursuit of its general scheme, to occupy our own country with its organized hierarchy, it behoves the public of a free Protestant country to enquire for itself how best its encroachments may be withstood, and what hope there may be for the spiritual progress of humanity in the struggles of the Italian people for religious as well as political emancipation. Their own country, it may be, can well afford to smile at the machinations of a power which is in Italy, by the aid of foreign arms, spiritually and politically supreme. But theirs is no real faith which does not look into the world beyond these shores, and concern itself with the spiritual progress of mankind at large. In the performance of this duty we would ask all those of our countrymen who love religious liberty and desire a religious faith, to look into the writings of the authorized exponent of Italian democracy, and to give some credit to his words. They cannot fail to recognize there a religious element at work which demands their serious consideration, and which, it may be, will ultimately extort their sympathy and respect.

Associative Progress.

HISTORY OF THE ROCHDALE COOPERATIVES

There exists in Rochdale a Co-operative Society whose history is not without public interest. "The Equitable Pioneers," for so they style themselves, have two imposing warehouses in operation. They open their stores only at night. All purchases are paid for on delivery; dividends are declared quarterly. It is enrolled according to law, and its object is to improve the social and domestic condition of the Members. Five per cent interest is paid on the shares, and the remaining profits are divided among the purchasers in proportion to the money expended. Its story is simple and instructive.

In the early part of 1844 there was in Rochdale a strike amongst the hand-loom flannel weavers, and, as with most other strikes, the benefit derived from it was very small, and of short duration. A few of those who had taken an active part in the struggle saw little hopes of ever getting any permanent advance in their wages, and therefore determined upon making the wages they did receive go as far as they could. They clubbed their money together and bought what they wanted at cost price, and thus secured to themselves the profits of the retailer. Some of these infantine co-operators attended at the social institution, and desired the assistance of the Members. The result was, that, in railway language, an "amalgamation" took place, and one set of poor men united with another; those that were not strictly speaking "poor" had not confidence in the scheme. But to work this confederation of poverty they drew up a few laws, got them enrolled, divided the town into districts, appointed collectors, who called upon each member every Sunday for his subscription of threepence, and, by a little perseverance, they got faith in each other, and saved thirty-six pounds! They then took, for three years, at £10 per year, the bottom room of an old warehouse sadly out of repair. Twelve pounds they laid out in its repair, and with £24 8s. bought counters, scales, weights, and a few other articles of fixed stock, some meal, flour, and a scanty supply of other humble provisions. They then opened shop three nights in the week, made small profits, and turned the money (which with contributions and profit kept increasing) until able to buy larger quantities. All proceeded on the ready money rule, to which their success is ascribable. When it became generally known amongst the working class of this town that provisions were sold at the same price as at other shops, and that the customers received from sixteen pence to twenty pence in the pound back, candidates for admission rolled in beyond any means of comfortably supplying them.

Those who distrust the value of co-operative experiments should visit this of Rochdale. It has now been six years in existence. Its property has risen from £24 to be, on the whole, worth £2000. Its members are numerous, its profits large, its subscribers increasing, and it gives satisfaction to everybody except the arbitrators, who complained to me that they had been in office six years without having a single thing to do. When at the Oxford Assizes, a short time ago, I was told of the keeper of the county gaol who complained of free trade for having led to so much more occupation of the people that his cells were nearly empty. Some such complaint the arbitrators of Rochdale make against the dulness of co-operation, which has not afforded a quarrel in six years. Success must be reprehensible, as peace is so very monotonous. These arbitrators must sigh for the salubrious excitement of competition, which can furnish its daily "row" and everlasting heart-burnings.

This Society, founded on the ruins of strike, enjoying the dignity of age, the credit of peace, and the advantage of prosperity, affords the solution of some minor social problems which will deserve the elucidation of a further notice.

WORKING ASSOCIATIONS OF PARIS.

THE FAUBOURG SAINT-ANTOINE.

THE Faubourg Saint-Antoine, that busy hive of working men, may be truly called the temple of all true worshippers, if "work be worship," as the old monks taught us. "Here," says Giland, "are to be found the famous paper-staining establishments, a few cotton manufactories, breweries, and machinists; but the greater part of the population is occupied in those trades which are connected with the furnishing and interior decoration of houses." It is a strange place this Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I have been through many of its streets teeming with life and activity; fine sturdy men and lusty women, busily engaged at their various occupations, are there, but scarcely a single idler; not a *sergent de ville* is to be seen, yet you may walk about with the greatest safety. There is a vagabond class, it is true, but they are confined to one street, and seldom mingle with the rest of the inhabitants, who are, perhaps, as a class, the most moral, industrious, and honest people in Paris, detesting revolutions, bloodshed, and

violence; but independent, high-spirited, hating tyranny, and resorting to the musket or the pike only when the maddening stings of misery and oppression become intolerable. Amongst themselves there is a perfect equality of condition—none is the servant or hireling of another; but each gains his bread by labour, and none waste their hours and days at the *estaminet*, the dance, the gambling-table, or the other resorts of the idle and profligate; for such houses are not to be found in the quarter—they are all removed to the *barrières*. "Twere well if some more fashionable faubourgs were equally free from immoral contagion. Such is the real character of the inhabitants of this terrible faubourg, who may be seen every day, at stated hours, going peaceably to their ateliers, and returning quietly home when their work is finished."

After traversing various narrow streets of this famous quarter, where women might be seen at their usual domestic employments, we entered the *Rue de Charonne*, and at No. 7 turned into a spacious court; it is the Court of St. Joseph (the carpenter, and father of Him who first preached the great doctrines of EQUALITY and FRATERNITY); the din of saws, hammers, planes, &c., mingling with the hum of human voices, and songs in chorus, from every side saluted our ears. On looking round more attentively we observed that the sounds proceeded from an extensive range of buildings five stories high, nearly surrounding the court, and occupied by three Fraternal Associations of Workmen:—The Cabinetmakers; the Chairmakers; the Upholsterers.

The Cabinet-makers are situated in that wing which immediately faces the entrance to the court, and may be recognized by a painting over their door of the Society's emblem and the medal they obtained at the last exhibition of national industry, for their truly magnificent book-case, which we examined and admired at their warehouse in the Grande Rue, 50, where it still remains for inspection.

This rich, handsome, and unique piece of furniture was made by the members at their leisure hours without remuneration, in order to show what working men might accomplish by themselves, and at the exhibition of national industry in 1849 it gained for them a medal of honourable distinction. It is now on sale for 6000fr. (£240), though a similar one could scarcely be obtained at the fashionable shops under 10,000 fr. (£400).

This association, now ranking as one of the first establishments of its kind in Paris, had, like the others, to struggle through difficulties at the beginning, but it was aided by a part of the Government grant, and has grown up under a skilful and enlightened management. The members are paid by the piece, elect their own officers annually, and live together in that perfect concord, and with that mutual esteem and affection which arises from the intercourse of enlightened and well-regulated minds. Their conversation is agreeable and instructive, their manners modest and unassuming, and their whole deportment is calculated to impress a stranger with the conviction that they are endowed with superior intelligence and true dignity of character.—J. E. S.

NATIONAL CHARTER AND SOCIAL REFORM UNION.—The delegates of the John-street Conference met again on Sunday last. Mr. George Hooper was called to the chair. A letter was read from the secretary of the National Reform League, conveying the official information that the council had recalled its delegates to the Conference. It was resolved that Mr. Swift, one of the recalled delegates present, should be invited to resume his seat. The rules were then discussed at great length, and with some modifications, adopted. An additional rule was added, providing that the council should consist of three members elected by each of the delegating societies respectively. The Conference adjourned until Sunday next, when the report, as amended, will be brought up and discussed.

THE REDEMPTION SOCIETY we are glad to have to state this week shows new signs of animation. The meetings at Hyde and Manchester have been, upon the whole, very satisfactory. Two lectures are to be given in the Christian Brethren's Rooms, Huddersfield, next Sunday. It is proposed to have a *soirée* on behalf of the Society in Halifax, on the 25th of November. A meeting of the Leeds members takes place on Wednesday next in favour of the Communal Buildings. Circulars in furtherance of this object are being distributed to the members in all parts of the country. Moneys received for the week, ending October 28:—Leeds, £3 1s. 10d.; London, Mr. Corfield, 6s.; Coventry, per Mr. Shuffelbotham, £1 5s.; Manchester, per tracts, 3s. 2d.; Drigglington, 3s. Communal Building Fund:—Leeds, 14s.; London, per Mr. Corfield, 3s.; Manchester, from the M. S. S., 6s.; per Mr. Johnson, 2s. 6d.; York, Mr. Tuke, 4s.; Drigglington, £1 7s.—DAVID GREEN.

DISTRICT MEETING, MANCHESTER.—A conference of delegates was held in the Social Institution, Garratt-road, Manchester, on Sunday, October 20, to consider the best means of organizing the district. Representatives were present from Stockport, Rochdale, Padiham, Hyde, Burnley, Liverpool, and Oldham. A lengthened discussion ensued upon the desirability of keeping up a regular staff of lectures, and by this means fixing public attention constantly on the Society's objects. All the delegates expressed their willingness to cooperate in organizing the district, and to assist the Manchester Committee in their labours. It was agreed to hold another conference on the first Sunday in December.—JOHN M'KENZIE, Secretary.

POSTSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2.

A meeting of the friends of the National Public School Association was held in Manchester Corn Exchange on Thursday evening, over which Mr. Hickson, editor of the *Westminster Review*, presided. He said it was particularly gratifying to him to know that it was to the men of Lancashire they were indebted for the opportunity of uniting in another common effort for the good of their country. They had not yet the great and the noble of the land with them, but did not despair of seeing a Cabinet Minister, or even the Premier, taking the chair at some such meeting as the present, for the promotion of secular education on the broadest basis. The Reverend William M'Kerrow announced that Mr. Mark Phillips had subscribed £100; Mr. Henry, M.P., £100; Mr. Richard Gardner, £50; and Mr. William Brown, M.P., £20, in aid of the funds of the association. It was subsequently stated that Mr. Edward Lombe, of Norfolk, had given a donation of £500.

The meeting was then addressed by several gentlemen, but the great speech of the evening was that of Mr. Cobden. He disposed of the current objections which have been made to the Lancashire scheme in the most able and felicitous style. The argument that a secular system of education is injurious to religion he met by pointing to New England, where such a system has been in operation:—

"Compared with all the Protestant states of Europe, New England was *par excellence* a religious community. (Applause.) Test it as you please. Are there many places of worship in New England? They had more in proportion to population than we had. How is the Sabbath observed there? Why, when he was in New England he saw chains placed across the streets to prevent vehicles moving, lest they should disturb public worship. Was respect paid to the ministers of religion? In no country in Europe was greater deference paid to the ministers of religion. Why, if we had been in New England the proceedings this evening would have commenced with prayer. (Applause.) Their courts of law are never opened without the offering up of prayer. Take what test you please, and it will be apparent that the people of New England, where the system the National Education Society seeks to establish prevails, are more religious than any Protestant community that exists in Europe. The town from which Dr. Bacon comes in New England has only 20,000 inhabitants, and yet it supports three daily papers. The facts he had stated showed that activity of mind and intelligence do not impair religious feeling. Why, then, should not Old England be as well educated as New England? (Applause.)"

Public schools were required in this country to purify the moral atmosphere and to elevate the mental condition of the people. He wished to see national schools established in this country for the reasons which a great American statesman—Mr. Daniel Webster—had assigned in these words:—

"We regard our free schools as a wise and liberal system of police, by which property and life and the peace of society are secured. We hope for security beyond the law and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment. We hope to continue and prolong the time when, in the villages and farms and houses of New England, there may be undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors. (Cheers.)"

The meeting was addressed by several other speakers, and the following resolutions were passed:

"That the schools ought to be supported by local rates, and managed by local authorities specially elected by the ratepayers for that purpose."

"That this system is eminently practicable, and, steering clear of all conscientious scruples, would be easy of adoption, and beneficial in results."

A meeting of the parishioners of St. Anne's, Limehouse, was held in the Town-hall, Church-lane, yesterday, "to take into consideration the alarming measures already adopted and further contemplated by the Pope of Rome." The meeting was addressed by ministers of the Established, Independent, and Wesleyan Churches, all of whom spoke strongly against the doctrinal errors of the Church of Rome. The Reverend S. Bailey, an Independent minister, after stating that he had studied the doctrines of the Catholic Church in the pages of *Liguori*, said he there found it taught

"That a man might 'equivocate' for the interests of the church—that it was not wrong to forswear oneself—that it was not wrong to commit adultery—that it was not wrong to commit murder if the church was to be served. He affirmed that he had a right—that all Englishmen had a right—to hunt down the man, *vi et armis*, who taught or would teach such doctrines. (Loud cheers.) The man who would drag his family into such fifth deserved to be kicked out of doors. The emissaries of Rome were abroad—one thousand priests, and many others besides, without fixed missions—men who were ready to become butlers, or secretaries, or soldiers—(A voice: 'Or clergymen of the Church of England?')—were abroad. Let, then, Englishmen, bestir themselves. (Cheers.)"

Another speaker said he thought the Church of England was a good deal to blame for the present state of things. The prevailing opinion was, however, one of indignation at the attempt to take possession of England as a dependency of Rome. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were carried unanimously.

A deputation from the clergy of the city of London waited upon the Bishop of London at London-house, St. James's, yesterday, for the purpose of presenting a memorial from the clergy of the Archdeaconry of London on the subject of the recent Papal aggressions. The Bishop of London said that, having read the memorial presented to him by the clergy of the city of London, he

wished to express his entire concurrence in its principles. It was so important, however, that he would rather abstain at present from making any formal reply.

A deputation of the clergy and laity of Liverpool and its neighbourhood waited on the Reverend Dr. McNeile in the early part of this week, and asked his opinion as to the propriety of having a great public demonstration of Protestant feeling in Liverpool, calling upon the Government to prevent the Roman ecclesiastics from styling themselves after English sees. Dr. McNeile expressed himself highly indignant at the attempt of the Pope to establish a Roman hierarchy in England; but he conceived such a demonstration as the deputation mentioned should emanate from Archdeacon Brookes and the Reverend A. Campbell, the rectors of Liverpool, and that it should not alone comprehend Liverpool and its immediate district, but the entire north of England. The deputation subsequently waited upon the reverend rectors, but their decision has not been made known.

A meeting of the clergy of the deanery of Leeds will be held in the vestry of the parish church on Monday, "to take into consideration the propriety of addressing the Lord Bishop of the diocese upon the insult offered to the Church and State of England by the intolerable pride and tyranny of a foreign prince and potentate, who neither hath, nor ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm."

The Gloucester Church Union met on Thursday, and passed a series of mild Passeyite resolutions against "the Bishop of Rome," for his "invasion of the rights of the Bishops of the English Church."

A meeting of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Coventry is to be held in that city on Wednesday next, "to deliberate on the steps to be taken in consequence of the intrusion into that diocese of a Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham."

In answer to a gentleman writing from Exeter, Lord John Russell instructs his secretary to say that "the creation of the Popish bishoprics, and the appointments thereto, have not received the sanction and approbation of her Majesty's Ministers;" and further to state "that Lord Minto, when in Rome, was not consulted on this measure, and never gave any countenance to it."

Lord Ranelagh, who was at one time member for Nottingham, died yesterday morning, at Bunny-hall, Nottinghamshire, in his 66th year. In early life he held the appointment of equerry to the Prince of Wales, and was the intimate associate of the Prince, of Fox, Sheridan, and others of that jovial crew. He has left no issue, consequently the title is extinct.

A daring burglary was committed on the premises of the West Surrey Bank, Epsom, on Friday morning. The apartments occupied as the bank are a front office and one small room behind, which latter is lighted by a window looking into the next yard. This window was fixed upon by the burglars as their point of entrance, in effecting which they adopted very similar means to the Primley robbers. The window alluded to was an ordinary sash, strengthened on the inside by three iron bars. The men first cut away and removed the sash, which they deposited very carefully in an outhouse in the yard, and then, loosening the fastenings of one of the bars, they forced it inwards, and bending it up, obtained room to admit a man's body. Having thus secured an entrance, they struck a light, and commenced ransacking the place. While thus engaged they were seen by Mr. Holland, a gentleman living within view of the bank. He having called his wife to the window, they both stood for some minutes watching two individuals, whom they clearly saw in the little back office of the bank busily engaged in ransacking the place, one of them holding a lighted candle on his hat, and the other armed with a chisel or screwdriver forcing cupboards and drawers open. Mr. Holland's first impulse was to open the window of his bedroom and give an alarm, and with that view he threw up the sash and called out as loud as he could, "Is that you, Mr. Moore?" The burglars heard him call, and instantly decamped, having first put out their light. Mr. Holland hastened to put on his clothes, and in a very few minutes was on his way to the police-station. He had scarcely arrived there when two men were brought in by the police, on suspicion of having stolen property in their possession. An examination of the bank premises was then made, when it was found that the burglars had not been very successful, the iron safe having resisted all their efforts to break it open. The only articles missed were a great coat and some silver spoons. These were both found on the prisoners, as well as the broken piece of a "jemmy," the other part of which had been left in the iron safe. The prisoners, whose names are Roberts and Dowe, are to be brought up for examination on Monday.

The result of the conferences at Warsaw seems likely to be favourable to Austria. A telegraphic despatch in the *Cologne Gazette*, dated Berlin, October 30, says "That, according to despatches received on the previous day from Warsaw, the Prussian proposals are refused, Denmark will scarcely accept the proposed joint commission." The same policy which dictates this decision has, it is said, led to the return from Vienna of an evasive answer in reply to the despatch in which Prussia proposes a commission, *ad hoc*, for settling the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein. A letter from Berlin of Oct. 29 says:—"Reports are heard, according to which the high personages now met in conference at Warsaw are unable to agree. Diplomats, on the other hand, believe that a settled plan will issue from these deliberations. All reports of threatened intervention are premature, as Persigny's presence here proves. He has intimated that France cherishes sympathies for Prussia. One question divides the two Cabinets—that of Schleswig-Holstein. The French Minister is to endeavour to remove this cause of difference; Prussia will reply that it has done all in its power to bring about a peace between Denmark and the Duchies."

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in its eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

THE CROSS: TO ARMS!

"THE grave has opened, and Christ is coming!"—"Great Britain is restored to the once-rejected religion of God!" Thus proclaims John Henry Newman from the pulpit of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Birmingham. "Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament," "to its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour!" such is the consecrated proclamation of the Cardinal Archbishop Wiseman in the pastoral letter to his province, that "province" being Great Britain. The mild and modest spirit professed, we do not suppose insincerely, by Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham, has no imitation in his more exalted colleague, and his more recent colleague. The Roman Catholic hierarchy begins its administration in a haughty and vigorous spirit, not unlike that of a Dunstan or an à Becket. The trumpet ecclesiastical bursts with hoarse clangour from the incense-clouded aisles of the Pontificate in England; the hierarchy has taken possession of the land in the name of the Pope; it summons the people to arise and put down "the devil"—Protestantism. Popery raises its mitred head aloft, and grasps at the entire nation. We are to see it in all its power of lordly doctrine and submissive faith, of pompous pageant, of exalted humility.

Nor is the opposite army supine. The Bishop of London summons his church fellows to the rescue, and invokes an agitation for new laws against the Papists. "The London Union on Church Matters,"—clarum et venerabile nomen,—or the committee thereof, declares its belief that the Church of England has truly succeeded from the apostles, and "feels compelled to state that it considers the same," viz., the Bull, and Cardinal Wiseman's address as "unquestionably an invasion of the Church of England;" which proclamation is duly signed, "By order of the Committee, William T. Young, Secretary." More vigorous yet, an advertiser of the *Times*, "E. C.," issues this tremendous war-cry:—

"THE BIBLE OR THE POPE!—the religion taught by Jesus Christ or the nummeries and idolatries (miscalled religion) of Rome! This is the real question. Now, Churchmen and Dissenters, how choose ye! No shirking, no quibbling—declare yourselves, openly and honestly, for one or the other. We have had too much Jesuitical hesitation and disguise, but we must have no more. Decide. Unite, and strike—strike the blow for religious freedom—and check at once, and effectually, the daring advances of the Arch-fiend. Form a bond of brotherhood—enlighten the people—expose the pretended miracles—contrast the pure and simple theology of Christ with the grovelling and degrading worship of priests, images, and relics. This comparison and enlightenment is, indeed, feared by the Arch-fiend. Centralize your forces in every city, town, and village throughout the kingdom. Unmask the traffic in human souls—lay bare and strip Popery of its wafer gods, pardons, indulgences, holy-water, miracles, gewgaws, and deceptions, and the Bible-hating wholesale exterminators of all religions but their own stand exalted and condemned. You have been too supine—delay not!—the time is come for action. Forward, for the religion taught by Christ, and that only, and the victory is yours."

The tumult waxes furious and looks alarming; and yet, on second thoughts, one perceives something in it unsubstantial and hollow. What are the Protestants to do? What blow are they to strike? With what weapon? Their weapon must be some verbose and loophole-including act of Parliament; their blow must be verbal, striking at words. They cannot forbid men to think certain doctrines, to put faith in the Pope, or to meet for the sympathetic expression of that faith: the days are gone by for any such prohibition. They can scarcely forbid men to build edifices in which to meet, although in their secret souls such men may have such intentions. What they can do, perhaps, is to forbid the wearing of particular robes at particular places—for that prohibition has been not unknown—the calling themselves by certain names, perhaps the using frankincense and other perfumes in the enforcement of doctrines. But the most infatuated Protestant can scarcely believe

that any substantial weakening of doctrine will be effected by withholding the use of a particular fragrant drug, or that Dr. Wiseman is suddenly endowed with compulsory power by calling himself "Cardinal" Wiseman: whether he were to call himself Mr. Wiseman or Emperor Wiseman, Grand Lama Wiseman or plain Nicholas Wiseman, it would not make the slightest difference, in increase or decrease, to the actual power which lies in his hand. He can muster no retainers like an à Becket; he certainly would have no entrance into Buckingham Palace, to destroy the beauty of Queen Victoria in the presence of Prince Albert, however sinful he might consider the strong conjugal affection between those persons; he cannot even set the beadle to arrest a drunkard, or perform the smallest act of practical authority over a reluctant subject. Were the veriest blackguard in the streets to bully a priest, spit upon the Host, or even go such lengths as to "take a sight" at the Archbishop, his Eminence would have to appeal, like any Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, for the protection of some neighbouring magistrates in petit sessions. The Pontifical potentate is simply impotent; his proclamation of power is a sound.

Or if there be in this pageant, unwonted in our day, any sort of influence or power, where does it lie? What hold has the Cardinal Archbishop or any Bishop of the number upon any British subject?—none; except some moral influence, which has been earned by zeal, by studiously conciliating the feelings of the People, by carrying among them, personally, the spirit of religion. If the Roman Catholic priesthood has any sort of power or influence in this country, it is obtained in no other way except by taking pains, taking trouble, undergoing fatigue and hard work in the appointed duty. If the Protestant priesthood, whether of the Established Church or of any Dissenting community, would desire to override this newly-emancipated Popish power, it can only do so, with any hope of success, by the same means,—by going among the People, showing sympathy with them, carrying religion home to their feelings in works and in language. The Protestants profess to march under the same standard by a more direct path, and they should, therefore, have in this country not only the numbers but the start, and victory over the more ancient and warring faith in the free field of English discussion should be to the Protestants. The sudden sally of the Romanist forces, therefore, implies a zeal, a pervading impulse, a religious activity; faiths of every kind within the land are to be reasserted with new energy; we are to have a day of zeal, and of rivalry for the acquisition of souls. At one time this might have been dangerous to the progress of opinion; but while Englishmen remain as true to freedom, both in thought and action, as they have become within the last few years, we believe that no impulse can have a permanent effect, except to invigorate and establish the truth. In all these faiths, erroneous as each may be in its exceptional doctrines, there is one essential spirit of vitality—a spirit which has languished in our day, to the debasement of motives, the degeneracy of civic virtue, and the stagnation of political action. The conflict will stir up that stagnation, and under freedom we have no fear that conflict will lead to anything but the full recognition of the unity of truth. Therefore let each doctrine do its best—the best of each will contribute to the perfecting of the whole. Stagnation is death: power is life.

THE FINANCIAL AND PARLIAMENTARY REFORM CAMPAIGN.

THE following remarks on the opening of the reform campaign have been forwarded to us by one who subscribes himself "An Old Reformer." This writer has a good claim to the title he has taken. Few men have worked more heartily in the cause of reform than he has done, and no one is better acquainted with the state of feeling among the earnest Reformers in the North of England. We do not agree with him in all that he says, but we have much pleasure in publishing it, as showing the estrangement produced among that class of politicians by the lukewarm and uncertain course pursued by their Parliamentary leaders:—

"The parliamentary agitators for reform have commenced their work. We look on with doubt. We are old, and, therefore, it may be, suspicious. We have frequently been disappointed, and, therefore, have no great faith in mouth patriots.

"These gentlemen have opened their campaign of preparation for their 'Grand Exhibition' of 1851 by what they somewhat pompously and magniloquently

announced as 'the first aggregate meeting of the present season of the members and friends of the National Reform Association.' The meeting was crowded to excess, and the listeners, at all events, appear to have been in earnest. The speakers were, some of them, loud, some of them fluent, and some of them eloquent. When we looked over their names we found that they were exactly the same *dramatis personæ* who enacted the same parts on the same stage last year. Sir Joshua Walmsley was the Jupiter Tonans of the occasion, and went through his part, as he always does, admirably, making some slanking and telling hits, as he went along, and exposing all the hideousness of the present system of misgovernment. Mr. Serle, something much better than a mere member of Parliament, made an excellent speech, replete with humour, eloquence, wit, and sarcasm. Mr. Fox was magnificent, but when was he otherwise? Mr. Hume was rather dry and prosy. Lord Dudley Stuart was *comme il faut*. Colonel Thompson was facetious, but not quite as facetious as usual. The razor of his wit wants sharpening as well as polishing. Mr. Feargus O'Connor was mischievous and noisy. Mr. H. Vincent was magnificent; and we should have liked Mr. G. Thompson better if he had said more. But, *cui bono*, to what will all this lead? Last year we had meetings of a similar kind. They were crowded to excess. The people flocked to them both *con amore* and *con spirito*. But there were no results. We recollect some years ago that an election was won by one party buying the votes of the committee of the other; and really the Parliamentary leaders of the National Reform party treated their followers almost in as remarkable a fashion when the struggle began in the House of Commons. Their valour was no greater than that of Falstaff when Douglas was down upon him in the battle of Shrewsbury. They fought as often as what is vulgarly called a 'cross' could be got up, exhibited with foils, tilted with blunted lances, were heroes in sham battles, but never would come to the scratch in good earnest. They loved blazing away with gunpowder, but had a steady and thorough hatred of firing with ball cartridge. Go back to the history of the last session. It speaks for itself. The Paladins of Reform were by turns lions and lambs: they were fierce as Bobadil when sure to be defeated; and turned tail, like Acres, whenever they had a chance to win. A friend of ours, astonished and disgusted at their extraordinary performances, wrote up to one of them in no measured terms, asking, we believe, in the plainest English, 'What the deuce are you fellows at, making fools of both yourselves and the country?' We saw the answer, and it was a grievous exposure of the little motives of little men. One would not vote because some particular motion was not to be worded in his own fashion. Another was jealous of such and such a person being leader. Another was checked by his wife, who had set her heart upon an invitation to some party to which only a Minister's lady possessed the 'open sesame.' Another had his eye upon a certain piece of patronage, and did not like to give offence. Many were afraid of being too much in earnest, lest they should damage the Ministry. And so the cause of Reform was smothered by its own nurses, just as his nephews were disposed of by their pious uncle in the Tower.

"We perceive that Mr. Hume was received most enthusiastically at the London meeting; and certainly the people owe him much for his long devotion to their cause. But, somehow or other, he has continued to make very little use of the great opportunities which he has had for serving the country. It is as well to speak out when we are speaking, and we believe that we have the exact measure of 'The Nestor of Reform.' He is, unhappily, crotchety in the extreme in his temper, and can by no means be brought to understand the value of coöperation. He would rather be Samson among the Philistines than Wellington winning his Waterloo at the head of a well-disciplined army. He never organizes his Parliamentary forces; indeed, if we are not greatly misinformed, he never consults with any one as to any certain course or policy being followed, so that he is just as likely, with the war elephants of the ancients, to fall back and trample upon his own friends, as to break through the ranks of the enemy. We question, in truth, whether Mr. Hume does not prefer the laurel of martyrdom to the laurel of victory. At all events, we believe, from the peculiar temper of the man, that he was much happier as the solitary financial Reformer of old times against a host of Tories than he is when surrounded by allies to support and help him. He loved to be buffeted, and is pining away under the sunshine of success. The Ministers seem to be thoroughly acquainted with his weak side, and to humour and encourage it. 'Old Joey Bagstock,' indeed, was not more considerably treated by his many friends than is 'old Joey Hume' by the Whigs. When the friend of the giant coal-heaver asked him why he allowed his little wife of four feet one to beat him with her shoe, the amiable fellow answered, 'Why, it does not hurt me, and it pleases her;' and even so the Downing-street officials wink at all Joseph's small kicks with small minorities against them, under the full conviction that, if

ever they are in a pinch, he will be as faithful to them as was the coalheaver's little wife against all other opponents. Perhaps it is to this good feeling towards him that we may ascribe the fact that, within no great space of time, two Humes and a Hume Burnley have been remembered in the distribution of Whig patronage.

"But *revenons à nos moutons*. In Sir Joshua Walmsley we have full faith. But can he pledge himself for his troops? Can he promise that the agitation of this year shall be a mere dose out of the same bottle, a simple 'ditto repeated' to that of the last? What security can we offer that the wild hurricane of indignation which is now again being so well acted may not once more subside into a dead calm of apathy as soon as Parliament assembles? Let us be certain, before we commit ourselves to anything, that we are not looking at a mere ghost dance, a conclave of phantoms, a gathering of shadows. Ixion rushed forward in ecstasy to clasp his Juno in his arms, and only grasped a cloud. We would eschew his fate. We are quite willing to coöperate in the good work of reform. But we have strong objections to help in the manufacture of political capital, on the strength of which certain Radical members of Parliament will fetch a good price in the market, and be thought worth transmuting into Whig lackeys.

"But, whether the Parliamentary Reformers are traders or patriots, it is high time that earnest men should be banding together to force upon the judgment the conviction that something should be done to gratify the yearning desires of the people for a greater voice in the management of the affairs of the country. We are prosperous just now. Trade flourishes. The masses are employed. But let no man be deceived thereby! there is an under current beneath this smooth surface. Political education is going on among the millions. Men are reading much; men are thinking much; and, whenever the periodical season for their suffering much comes round, the fruits of all this training will speedily be made manifest. In the meantime, their self-elected leaders will probably continue to toy, and trifle, and coquette, and flirt with the great questions of the day. And be it so. Let the motes dance in the sunbeams as long as it is fine; but, whenever the people are in earnest, and show that they are in earnest, their wants and wishes will be conceded by whatever party may happen to be in power. If we have small faith in Parliamentary Leaders, we have boundless confidence in Public Opinion. Its *fiat* is the great reformer of the day."

THE WICKED SUNDAY TRAINS.

SUNDAY excursion trains are a boon to the People, but a bugbear to the clergy and publicans. These two centres of social influence feel themselves aggrieved. The clergy complain of empty churches, the publicans of empty parlours; to the one Sunday trains are ungodly, to the other unspiritual. Our readers will appreciate the sympathy we feel for these wrongs, and how deeply we deplore the thoughtlessness of those workmen who snatch a tremulous joy on the one day open to relaxation, by mounting their fiery steed, the Hippogriff of modern romance, and sweeping out of this London atmosphere of floating coal and nameless stinks into the fresh air of the country; how we deplore that the "good old English" conviviality of the tavern and the "social glass" should be given up for trips to the seaside, visits to country relations, or to great towns; how little we should think of comparing the sermons of running brooks to the sermons bought at a bookstall, and read in the impassioned manner taught by Mr. John Cooper, of Drury-lane Theatre, or by some other professor of elocution; they know this, they know that we are prepared to stand by the "institutions" of our country! Beer is an institution. By beer we have become great. By beer our flag has been floated over every sea. In the tavern men are social; they meet and exchange ideas; they read the papers and discuss political movements; and all the while they "encourage trade," and stimulate the native industry of hops. Now we ask—in the character of an excited patriot and publican—what will become of the nation if its beerdrinkers be diminished? The agriculture of England will be ruined; the Government will be impoverished by deficient duties; the able-bodiedness of our population will fall away into French frog-eating flabbiness. Very well. Sunday trains by ruining taverns—depriving them of their best customers—those of Saturday night and Sunday—will produce these stupendous evils. Directors, pause! Look how much the greatness of a country depends upon its consumption of good liquor. Piety and drink go together: witness the Scotch! Success in life ever attends on copious drunkenness: witness the Scotch, again! The present cant about amuse-

ment for the People is odious—as if man were sent into this serious universe for "amusement!" Specious journalists may draw pictures of the general improvement of the People corresponding with the improvement in their amusements, may tell us that in proportion as the amusement takes a more refined aspect the morality of the People improves, may tell us that fresh air and new scenes will be more healthy than the public-house atmosphere or suburban gardens, may tell us that men will take their wives for a country trip, and that the presence of the wife is a restraint on excess; but we—true publicans and patriots—laugh at Utopias and stick to facts. Now, the facts are that the English People has always been a good tavern-keeping People—despising the frivolous amusements of the Continent—and maintaining its superiority over all the world. Ergo, Beer, Bitter Sunday Observance, and Greatness, are inseparable.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETORS OF FRANCE.

ALL persons who have travelled in France unite in describing the condition of the peasantry as much superior to that of the agricultural labourers in this country. Notwithstanding all that Mr. Macculloch and his fellow-political economists have said about the evils arising from the minute subdivision of property, it is clear that those evils have not been felt by the small farmers of France, and it is equally plain that the boasted advantages of the laws of entail and primogeniture in Great Britain have never reached the men who cultivate the soil.

One of the most striking illustrations of the healthy working of the small property-system in France is given by the French correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in his report of a conversation on the subject with an Irishman whom he found settled as a thriving shopkeeper in a small French town. The naturalized Hibernian spoke in high terms of the habits of forethought and saving manifested by the working class around him. After stating that he had occasionally lost money by English customers of the better class who dealt with him, but never by the poor French people: he points out one of the causes which enabled the latter to pay their way so punctually:—

"The small-property system is a great help to them. There are very few folks hereabout who have not got little patches of freeholds. If one member of a family has not, the other has. The money they get out of them is no fortune to be sure, but it always helps, and it is a great matter for a working man to have something, however small, over and above his daily toil, to fall back upon. It's very easy to invest a good lump of money in England, but it is not so easy to invest a small one. The poor man who has saved £20 or £50 hardly knows what to do with it. There's your savings banks, to be sure—and a nice mess you seem to be making with them—look at my own country—but savings banks give no such inducement to a man to save as land does. When you've got your own little estate your money is safe. The land can't run away nor lose its value. You may build your house upon it; most folks hereabouts do; and there you are rent-free, and comfortable, with your trade, for the rest of your days. Oh, there's an independence in this state of things that the poor of England can never know. And then it makes a man somebody, when he can walk on his own ground and think of his latter days without thinking of the workhouse as well. Besides, the vision of the vineyard or the corn field is before all eyes here. Any industrious sober man in France may become a landowner; there's nothing very difficult about it now, and it's that feeling that encourages the people to strive for it. There's many a neighbour of mine, working hard and living hard, and laying up his savings to buy land, who would be spending them in England; and that, just because it seems a common and practicable thing for men in his class to get land here, whereas it's a very uncommon and almost impracticable thing in England."

This is worth all that Mr. Macculloch ever wrote in favour of large estates. The Irish-Frenchman's description of the effect of the small-property system in improving the habits and condition of the French peasantry, completely corroborates all that Mr. Kay has said upon the subject in his late work *On the Social Condition of the People*.

The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* remarked that the People of England were beginning to turn their attention to the land question; in proof of which, he referred to the societies formed for the purchase of freeholds. This, however, the Irishman does not look upon with any degree of favour:—

"If it takes societies and companies, and machinery of that kind to put working men in possession of land, the thing won't do. To work for good, the system must be a part of the very daily lives and thoughts of the People. Working men don't require societies or companies to buy their dinners or their coats—why should they to buy their land? Here the soil is constantly being bought and sold, and there is no long

lawyers' work of conveyances in the matter. The thing is done as fast as you could make a bargain for a horse or a cow, and you can then either set to work with a hoe or a spade, or the east of a plough, if you have a turn that way yourself, or you can hire somebody else to do the farming, and the produce will always be something coming pleasantly in on the top of the week's wages."

In reply to the argument that small patches of land cultivated by ignorant men, with imperfect tools, must necessarily be ill cultivated, he contended that the great amount of manual labour, and the constant painstaking care bestowed upon the soil, enable the small holders to produce as large crops, in proportion, as the scientific farmer can possibly obtain from his four or five hundred acres. The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* winds up his report of the conversation by one or two very absurd commonplace generalizations upon the question:—

"The great fallacy, as it strikes me, of the arguers for the infinitesimal distribution of property is their plea that property will not be further subdivided than it is for the interest of the proprietors that it should be; whereas the practical result is, that the very existence of the system, to a great extent, forces on its operation, without anything like due regard for unfavourable local circumstances—slight and temporary, but immediate, advantages being naturally too often mistaken for ultimate and permanent benefits."

Before dogmatizing in this style, "Our Commissioner" should have made himself thoroughly master of the subject. Had he done so, he would have learned that the practical result of the French system of land inheritance has not been to force on "an infinitesimal distribution of property," but that, on the contrary, the number of landholders in France is considerably less in 1850 than it was thirty years ago. But the great question for the Commissioner to ascertain is, the actual condition of the French peasantry at the present day. When he has given us a faithful picture of that, we can then compare it with Arthur Young's description of the same class sixty years ago; before the large estates were broken down into small properties, and before the great body of the people knew anything of what freedom or security of property was.

SOCIAL REFORM.

EPISTOLE OBSCURORUM VIROBUM.

XV.—A NATIONAL POLICY.

To A—A—.

October 30, 1850.

DEEDS should follow conviction. Would, my beloved friend, that all the world had your courageous and simple mind, which lets act take its pattern from thought. Perhaps as strange a spectacle as any in the dark kaleidoscope of the world's troubles is that perversity of national bent by which the most "practical" nation in the world, so called by itself—"downright" John Bull—is made to act on the rule which the most impassioned and reckless of Ovid's heroines utters as an agonized cry of self-reproach. To see the better course is left to theory; to be content in persevering with the worse is the boast of the practical. If you think of obeying the instruction of better-seeing theory you earn the epithet of "visionary." Installed supreme, mediocrity, jealousy of any more vigorous action, fosters the prejudice of the race, and rakes up idle texts from the shaded and misanthropic side of literature, to keep back the natural instinct of progress. "'Tis better to bear the ills we have," says modern practical statesmanship, literally adopting the apology of the mad prince whose monomania was irresolution, and erecting it into the maxim of government. This spectacle, as Carlyle reiterates in the giant accents of despair, is "most sad"—did there not appear some hope of change.

I believe that no great change for the benefit of the real nation, the People at large, can be worked out save on the motion of the People.

But the People is still, and how to stir it?

By making the People see what it might have if it had but the will; and compare what it *has*, its poverty, and the penalties thereof, its discomforts, its miserable resources for enjoyment—if the word can be used except in mockery—compare that wretchedness with what it *might have*—cheerful labour, plenty, and real enjoyment of life.

If the People in this fertile country has not that fair and full return secured to its labour, the reason is that the public servants have not the *will* that it shall be so; and for the short coming, the ignorance, the misery, the poverty of the People, therefore, the public servants are responsible.

If measures for the People are proposed, the attempt is made to set them aside, by decrying

them as too vast, too theoretically good, too comprehensive. Yes, the leading public servant of this day, to justify his own want of will to serve the People—the feeble will belonging to short sight and faint heart—has sneered at comprehensive measures; and he is the leader and spokesman of the party whom, in its perplexity, the People suffers to rule the country!

I have said this before: it cannot be told too often, aloud, that but for the deliberate choice of the rulers the People might be sure of just labour, plenty, and enjoyment of life.

How? By what *practical* means? asks the political atheist, hoping that you cannot give him an answer.

By such means, I answer, as the very wants and mistakes dictate of themselves. You have but to follow your understanding. All the talk about the difficulties of amendment in a "highly artificial state of society"—the beauty of "theory," and its impracticability—as if practical science does not always get as near to theory as it can!—about "preservation of our time-honoured institutions," "progress of the nation," "success of existing system"—(ask if "success" sits on the care-worn face of the People, or even of the money-making class?)—all this is but the jargon of "the voices on the mountain," to call off the steadfast march of true progress.

Wants dictate their remedies; our conception of the wants being the clearer if the mind be freed from some of the dogmas which have so curiously encumbered the utilitarian philosophy of the day. We should not distinctly understand how some of the very greatest overriding evils of society are far from being irremediable if we still supposed accumulation of capital to be so unmixing a good, that the prime object of commercial legislation should be to promote and protect that accumulation; or if we supposed that competition is entirely constructive and not at all destructive,—abating the cost of production, but not subtracting from the substantial return of labour even to the verge of starvation: or if we supposed that land is the "real" property of any but the human race.

Enumerate the few most striking evils that press upon the country: the pre-disposing evils seem to be, the combination of classes which keeps the People shut out from a practical influence on the Government of the country; the ignorance of the People, which at once renders that exclusion possible, and, on a superficial view, desirable to other classes; and the dogmatic state of economical science, which makes men persevere with courses practically mischievous, in the thorough belief that they really are doing the best they can.

The ultimate evils which we see are a gradual alienation of the People from the land—with its two branch evils, the collapse of agriculture and the formation of a pauper peasantry; a disproportionately developed system of trading carried to such extremes that it is impossible to draw a practical line between the vast region of sharp speculation and the gigantic bankruptcy which appears to be the complement of trade. A huge funding system, which engenders at once that overtrading and forms a hopeless burden of taxation; immense crowds of the working-classes dependent upon that precarious trade, and not knowing which is to be the fortune-making speculation, which the bankruptcy,—which is to be for them, jolly wages, or which their starvation. Such facts suggest the measures.

For a transition state discreetly to be traversed, I would hold it necessary to recognize three distinct facts: first, that the transition need not be abrupt; secondly, that it is only politic and honest to make generous provision for justice to existing interests set aside; thirdly, that the present system does not succeed.

For proof that it does not succeed, I appeal to the countenance of all society. Look to any class, except some few favoured rather by temperament than moneyed fortune. The landowner—once landlord by feudal service, since landowner by encroachment—is anxious about his land because of the farmers unable to pay rents, because of the labourers multiplying into paupers, because of the discussion brewing like a storm on the validity of individual property in land. The farmer is anxious between his rent and poor-rates, free trade and the want of capital for land which cannot be made to serve as security to the capitalist. The labourer is anxious between lowering wages and the union. The merchant is anxious between the passing chance that may make his fortune and the bankruptcy at his heels; between the ambitions of Belgrave-square

and the exposure of Basinghall-street. The shop-keeper is anxious between the custom that he must court by "favourable terms" and bad debts—between the competition in shop-palace-making and the ghastly truths of his ledger. Every variety of the working class knows what it is to work in carking care, between the abatements of the master, the wants of the home, the changes of trade, the claims of poorer dependents, the cruelties of the Poor-law. The present system may be an improvement upon what it has been, but it is in no complete sense of the word "a success."

I agree with those who say that we cannot jump to new systems, but that the better must grow out of the present; who say that "the rich" are not to be exterminated, or subject to spoliation or confiscation. But "property has its duties as well as its rights"—that is the very condition of its own existence; and we can at least *begin* to mend.

To make a beginning we do not need to establish a new system, or to deal at once with all the forms of evil amongst us; but a national party, possessed of foresight and courage, might at once grapple with the most salient forms of evil, and yet not step beyond measures naturally suggested by our wants. Such as the following:—

I. To strengthen the People and inspire it with confidence. A law enacting Universal Suffrage, with accompanying measures necessary to render it effectual. I have said that no great reform can be pushed if we have not the strength of the People to do it. The People will not lend its strength unless we thoroughly trust it; and, therefore, it is not only desirable that we should endow the People with the fullest amount of power which we can attain for it, but it is absolutely necessary that all reformers who mean to carry measures worth carrying should make that pledge of confidence on both sides.

II. To redress the pressure of taxation. On the plea of sparing capital, wealth has hitherto cast the chief burden of taxation upon the great body of the people; that is to say, upon the poor and industrious classes. We have seen that this notion of sparing capital is not only needless, but that the artificially-fostered accumulation of capital produces amongst us mischiefs of a positive kind and gigantic dimensions. In dealing with taxation anew, therefore, we are freed from that delusion which has warranted so many honest but half-seeing men in aiding to cast the burden upon those least able to bear it. Excepting a Police-law and municipal wants which chiefly fall under the head of rates, by far the greater cost of Government is incurred in the protection of trade or of property—of property most especially; and he should pay who receives the value. Freedom of trade, too, is still imperfect, while any taxes upon consumption remain. It is an intervention between the produce of the earth and the industrious man working for that produce; and there can be no doubt that in numberless cases the tax actually does keep food and necessities from the industrious man, who might otherwise have them. Tea and soap are two signal instances. Next year the Income and Property Tax—that very well intended but imperfectly contrived device—will have to be revised. Its beneficial working in regard to the trade of the country has been proved—its intolerably inquisitorial and vexatious nature has equally been proved; the feeling of the country is gradually tending towards a measure for laying the main burden of taxation upon property accumulated and real property; and there is no reason except the want of sufficient will and vigour why such a measure should not be passed at once. It would be passed, I believe not long hence, if the People were to demand it; and I believe, further, that the People would demand it, if the working men could see the amount to which it would relieve their scanty resources. I heard with surprise, at a popular meeting the other day, a leader of the People speak as if the abolition of taxes would not be a vast and tangible benefit to the working man. The working man, however, knows better. The measure which I should propose, therefore, under this head would be, to transfer the whole or the major part of the burden of taxation from consumption to accumulated or real property.

But the burden itself might in process of time be halved. Full half of the burden is paid yearly, by a mistaken conception of justice, to make good the spendthrift promises of those who have no right to bind us. We might at once take steps towards the extinction of the National Debt—not, indeed, to effect its extinction to-morrow, for I adhere to the principle that it is necessary to spare

living interests—but I will not, for the sake of interests yet unborn, maintain a burden to the people yet unborn. And the very fact of settling the matter would have a beneficial influence on our future progress. I would not repudiate, I would define. I would not dabble with palliatives, I would deal comprehensively with the whole. A measure to convert the whole of the permanent annuities in the public funds into terminable annuities would be followed next day by a revolutionary fall of prices on the Stock Exchange. The commercial fact, that terminable annuities on a fair lease are almost equal in value to permanent annuities,—the operations of "speculators for the fall" and "speculators for the rise," by which, if many fortunes were lost to individuals, as many would be made—the perception of the stability given to our political institutions by a national act of justice—would soon exhibit sound results in restored confidence, and perhaps by the end of a week prices would not be far from their original mark. I would therefore accompany the readjustment of taxation by a simple act of Parliament, at once converting the whole of the permanent annuities into terminable annuities.

To revise the laws of labour, in order to set it free from regulations mistakenly granting protection to capital against labour, and to authorize partnership among working men—hitherto discountenanced and even impeded—would be a work of time, though it might be expeditiously pursued; to revise the laws relating to the tenure of land, facilitating transfer, and gradually converting all tenures into a single one direct from the State, would also be a work of time; with reformers who hold it necessary to inflict no personal injury, England, with juster laws, would be a more prosperous nation, and, therefore, more able to be generous to those who might suffer from the change. Both these branches of legislation would require to be instituted at once, and carried on with a clear foresight as to the point to be attained.

Meanwhile, there is a law already existing amongst us which has a bearing on both these subjects; on the relations of labour with capital and employment—on the relations of labour with land, and of land with the State; and if that law were rendered thoroughly effective, we might immediately realize some of the benefits to be anticipated—I mean, the law which, in its imperfect state, is called the Poor-law. The operation of a thorough Poor-law would be, to check the exile of the labour from the land, to check the excessive competition which induces the labourer in towns to give a whole day's work for half a day's wage, or less, for less than a subsistence: and it is, therefore, an engine which the State holds in its hand, and may be used to regulate the condition of the People. It has been called both by economists of the old school and of the newest school, a Communist institution; and it is so. A natural aversion to the nature of it induced the economists who presided at its last reform, to do nothing less than to render it as ineffective as possible. It was regarded not as a law beneficial in its direct object—which all laws ought to be—but as a "necessary evil." It was called so in plain terms. The landlords had cried out at the burden of the rates, although they had shifted them mainly upon the farmers: they might have been told that the poor-rate is, in its nature, a *composition* for land which private ownership withholds from the People, to whom it belongs. The land belongs to the natives of the soil, who have a right to seek their subsistence therefrom; and so long as he shuts out labour from that primary use of the soil, the landowner is bound to pay a composition in subsistence money, or the State on his behalf to give the opportunity of labour for subsistence.

III. The third measure, therefore, would be one to regulate the relations of labour. A thorough reform of the Poor Law, rendering it effective for that purpose, would consist of three branches:—

1. Industrial employment for the able-bodied destitute.
2. Free provision for the aged and disabled.
3. Separation of the Penal Vagrant Law from the auxiliary Poor Law.

I am bound to explain more in detail how these measures might be carried, and how they would apply to the practical progress of the nation the principles of Communism, upon which I take my stand. I shall do so in separate letters on the several subjects with all the speed I may—here only saying further, that, I firmly believe the measures which I have indicated, "sweeping" as they are, would redound to the safety, welfare, and en-

joyment of all classes. Nor have I named all the measures which a National Party should promote among them—notably Public Education: I have but laid before you, as my judge, the general scope of the policy, and those measures which have the most striking and immediate effect.

THORNTON HUNT.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

LETTERS ON UNITARIANISM.

LETTER IV.

October 28, 1850.

SIR,—I have been rebuked in your pages by Mr. S. Solly, of Bath, for attacking Unitarianism. The main objects of his letter seem to be to ascribe all imaginary excellence to the Unitarian system, and to insinuate a doubt whether I be familiar with the contents of the Bible, or give much heed to them. His first object would have been better accomplished if he had furnished us with some historical or other evidence, or such small shred of argument as would have covered the nakedness of his assumptions. As to my acquaintance with the Bible, I am too obtuse to see what it has to do with the matters in debate, and it is an acquirement I have never been in the humour to boast of, since I first learned that the Devil was regularly in the habit of quoting Scripture whenever it suits his purpose. This is all that I have to say to Mr. S. Solly; and, presenting him with my politest regards, I proceed on my journey.

The agencies through which a sect can become an imperial primordial fact—a power, a valour, a victor—are Plenitude and Warmth of the Religious Life, the Spirit of Mercy, Martyr and Missionary Heroism, Incessant Propagandism, Consummate Organization, and Social Action.

It cannot be marvelled at, after what I have said, that the stream of religious life in the Unitarian sect has always been most elegantly slender. Whence were the refreshing fountains to gush, and the fertilizing waters to flow? The charge which the orthodox continually brings against Unitarianism is fatally true: it is arid as Sahara, frigid as the Polar snows. It shut itself out from all influx of the religious life into its bosom when it put materialism in the place of spiritualism, there where the spiritual alone has claim and conquering vigour. It is long since the world was told that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. But God is not a Spirit, neither can he be spiritually worshipped, if there be nothing spiritual in the universe at all. For it would be absurd to pretend that the soul of man is material, and yet that the essence of Deity is not so, since it is only by something kindred to God that we can know and do homage to God. There is no longer majesty, glory, a sublime awfulness in the invisible if it be but a subtler kind of matter. Even the poor untutored savage is taught by his natural instincts to invoke as the Great Spirit the Being whose voice he hears in the vast gloom of forests, in the roll of mighty rivers, in the wild tempests, and the warping thunders. I conceive not also what value or beauty Christianity has unless it have furnished a larger amount of spiritual food and impulse to what we have been accustomed to call the spiritual element within us, which yearns for the eternal and dreams of the ideal, than any other religion. It was a curious specimen of blundering, therefore, in Priestley and his followers, under the guise of a more progressive faith, to set up a metaphysical materialism, which was no otherwise distinguished than by its more learned name from the lowest Fetishism, the idolatry of dead and shapeless masses. I am aware that Channing and others of the declamatory school to which he belonged tried to pour a fulness of spiritualism into the Unitarian tenets. But it was a spiritualism of the closet, a spiritualism of the head, a spiritualism as cold and much more pretentious than the materialism which it sought to dis-

crowd; a spiritualism assuredly not generative of the religious life. And even if it had been of a higher, of a more glowing and genial kind, the evil was already irreparable before that spiritualism came upon the scene. It could not confer fervour and fecundity so abundantly as to remedy a defect so profound and organic. Besides, we all know what pharisaical, artificial, vapoury things religious revivals in these days are. They are simply tricks by which exhausted systems and institutions may wear a ghastly semblance of vitality a few years more. The sentimentalism, then, which has prevailed in the Unitarian body ever since Channing dethroned Belsham, must not deceive us. It is merely the form which religious revival, that huge imposture, that hollow hypocrisy, has taken among the Unitarians. However much it may look like spiritualism, it has no hold on the heart. It can neither beget the religious life in the heart, nor draw forth the fruits of the religious life from the heart. It offers to Unitarian ministers sundry new terms to relieve the hardness, and to enrich the poverty of the old Belshamic phraseology, and that is its sole advantage. It begins and ends in words.

The negative attitude, also, which Unitarianism has taken is exceedingly unfavourable to the growth of the religious life. Instead of boldly proclaiming its own principles it has contented itself with a tame and drawing denial of orthodox dogmas. If it had marched out into the thick of social activities, as a bold and positive energy, with a character and a purpose of its own, it would, from social struggle and from the social heat thence arising, have acquired some position, however small, of that religious earnestness and depth to which its rejection of spiritualism was so opposed. But, allotting itself no other vocation than that of an antagonist of orthodoxy, it was continually and most childishly on its guard, lest in anything whatever it should bear the slightest resemblance to what was orthodox. In orthodoxy it saw the false, but it saw far more the fanatical and the ridiculous. Its grand ambition thus came to be to avoid the appearance of fanaticism and absurdity. You cannot break your neck in a steeplechase if you never go on horseback; you cannot be drowned if you never go near the water; you are not likely to fall in battle if you always stay at home; your chimney will seldom catch fire if you kindle no fire in your grate; no one will blame you for indiscreet speeches if you always hold your tongue; and you are almost certain not to die of indigestion from cucumbers if you do not eat any. This was Unitarian logic and Unitarian policy. To avoid fever it has sat in an icehouse; and lest it should be taken for a merry-andrew, it has stood still as a statue muttering with the smallest amount of animation possible,—God is One. Now, all this excess of sobriety, this superstitious caution, while a confession of social incapacity, was also a formidable hindrance to the development of the religious life. For even the calmest manifestations of that life have a ridiculous and fanatical aspect to the worldly and even to the philosophical eye. Unitarianism, then, by its ridiculous fear of the ridiculous, and its fanatical fear of the fanatical, was fixing a great gulf between itself and the infinite revealings, the divine inspirations, the ineffable raptures which the religious life unfolds.

The contempt of Unitarianism for the mysterious and its hatred of the mystical have been as intense and operative as its dire horror of the ridiculous and the fanatical in religion. They have arisen from the same causes and been pregnant with the same effects. The Popish and Protestant Churches had drawn the curtain of mystery so closely around them that it shut out alike the face of humanity and the sunshine of God's universe, stifled the wholesome breath of truth, and crushed the free impulses of the individual instead of maintaining, as the religious heart and the philosophic mind unite and rejoice in maintaining, that the Divine is always mysterious; they threatened crucifixion to every one who would not admit, as they did, that the mysterious is always Divine. They overlooked the fact, likewise, that there can be no traditional, no dogmatic mysteries, though they dignify with the name of mysteries all the crotchets and crudities with which they cram their theologies. In my march toward the Infinite, I meet with a thousand things I cannot explain, into whose meaning I cannot penetrate. These naturally abound more in religion than in aught else, since religion is the yearning of the soul for union and communion with Him who is Himself the Infinite. Such points, where the known and the unknown meet and mingle, are mysteries. But for each man the field of the known and the unknown can be determined only by his own capacity and experience. For each man, therefore, there can exist no mysteries but those which darken over his own path. To call the wholly Unknown, or the merely imaginary, the mysterious, is preposterous. Yet this is what the orthodox churches have uniformly done. Unitarianism, therefore, had very just reason for indignation at them for the tricks they played with mysteries. But, instead of denouncing the misuse, for mean and mischievous pur-

poses, of priestcraft of what in itself is beautiful and holy, it aimed to cut off from religion whatever was mysterious, solely because it was so. This was limiting still further the already sadly limited sources whence were to flow forth upon it the pith, the opulence, the fertility of the religious life. All being rejected which was mysterious, whatever was deepest and dimmest of course disappeared. The antipathy to the mysterious deprived it, moreover, of the noblest and most nourishing food which the religious sentiment can find, that stored in such rich abundance in the mystical writers, reverence for whom and humble and affectionate perusal of whose works have potentially tended to keep alive religious emotion, religious purity, earnestness, and elevation in the Roman Catholic Church.

Even if Unitarianism had not felt the deadly force of all the previous obstacles to the religious life, it would have been debarred from whatever the religious life has of blissful and exalting by the monstrous blunder which it made, and, alas! makes, regarding the nature of religion. It rejected all assuming to be religion which could not be adapted to the understanding of each individual. This was almost equivalent to the rejection of religion altogether; for the understanding of the individual has been a blasphemer from the beginning, and will remain so. In religion, the imagination is more influenced than the heart; the heart more than the conscience; the conscience more than the conduct; the conduct more than the understanding. To put that first, therefore, which should be last, was to wither religion in the very marrow of its most essential strength and grandeur. Religion must be in harmony with universal reason, otherwise it ceases to satisfy the needs, and to be in proportion to the whole being and general development of humanity. It must be in harmony with the entire nature of the individual, otherwise it is a barren and beggarly tradition, not an internal and intentional growth. But, to try to make it harmonize with the understanding of the individual is to aim at establishing a brotherhood between the extremest faith and the extremest scepticism. We might as well attempt to extract poetry from mathematics, as endeavour to create the religious life, even in its lowest degree, from such incongruous materials.

ATTICUS.

[Errata in Letter III. — Paragraph third, line thirty-nine, for *promise* read *province*. Paragraph fourth, last line, for *then* read *new*.

ASSOCIATED HOUSES OF POOR LADIES.

Oct. 29, 1850.

SIR,—Miss Martineau's very interesting letter, on the subject of Associated Houses for Poor Ladies, will doubtless arrest the attention of your readers, by the truthful description and painful nature of the want it would supply, as well as by the sanction of her name. Permit me without a name to suggest an addition to her heart-cheering scheme for the improvement of their condition—an element of new life, of youth, and hope—making the new home a "trap to catch a sunbeam."

The ladies, it is presumed, would generally be advanced in age—many of them invalids—some disappointed in their early hopes, reduced in fortune, or suffering under some recent affliction. The fortunate and happy have not to seek a home! How might this languid body be invigorated by the infusion of young and ardent minds in the persons of students, pupils of Queen's College, and others, to whom minute economy, combined with refined habits, is essential at the very time that their mental labours deprive them of leisure for their practice!

In these new institutions, called Ladies' Colleges, a want is felt of a home for pupils from the country; and, accordingly, ladies residing in the vicinity offer good guardianship and assistance in instructions to such. But this occupation of a cultivated and elegant woman, and the requisite accommodation, demands a liberal payment, and is quite beyond the means of a young girl aspiring to the honourable career of governess-ship; or of one who, partly occupied in teaching, may gladly serve a few hours in a day, or even in a week, for such instruction as never could have been within her reach before. Could we unite Miss Martineau's Poor Ladies with an equal number of female collegians, to be received on proportionate terms, we should offer, on the one hand, protection, care, and kindness, with security of good manners and conduct; and, on the other hand, the bright companionship of youth; the interchange of care and aid, of sympathy and gratitude; the daily news from the class-room and the library; the just-finished drawing or model, "much better than the last," would soon healthily supersede the melancholy retrospect, the family confidences, and reading of old letters that too often sadden the hours of declining life, and youth would be renewed, as it were, by the power of sympathy. This idea of the union of youth and age has not escaped Miss Martineau's notice; on the contrary, she has touched on it with her wonted force and beauty. I would bring more into view its double power of usefulness, and, moreover, connect it with the colleges.

Sometimes a governess, after living five or six

years happily enough in a family, gets a little weary of the routine of the schoolroom. Such things have been! She finds that "while teaching the young idea how to shoot," her own ideas have forgotten to grow, her mind is rather falling back, and when the rumour reaches her of the new doings in London, and she figures to herself what a year might be passed at Harley-street College, under the guidance of Professors Maurice, Clark, and Nicolay, or at Bedford-square, under that of Professors Scott, Newman, and Booth, and Professors Sterndale Bennett and Hullah; at either the refreshing change of scene and habit—the "repeopling of the mind"—the improved methods of teaching—the contrast becomes too painful to be borne!

The necessities becoming a gentlewoman are all she cares for, and these (without one well-earned shilling's waste) and communion daily with such minds, working on hers for her express good, is to her an opening of Paradise. And if a dream of a concert of good music, or of a play or two of Shakespeare, rises like a star in the dim horizon, we would not be severe on such extravagance, but anticipate, as she may, the renewal of labour after her year of that best rest, a change of employment, with a large accession of knowledge and experience.

Miss Martineau speaks of her scheme as of fifteen years old. I have had my vision, too, but it is the offspring of Queen's College, founded on the charming history of the Rosinas of Turin (a sketch may be found in Murray's Handbook), and innumerable little societies on the Continent for charitable and religious purposes. How glorious would be the spectacle of ten or twelve pupils, varying, it may be, from fifteen to thirty years of age, uniting together to try how cheaply it is possible for ladies to live, in respect of furniture, dress, and the table; a small sum advanced at the beginning, an equal division every quarter, and, as often, a Queen or Padrona elected, with almost unlimited power—for the sake of devoting themselves heart and mind, for one, two, or three years, to a course of study and mental improvement. What balm to the eyes, what joy to the hearts of the lady-visitors of the colleges!

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

No. 47.

AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

14, Great Guildford-street, Union-street, Borough, Oct. 29, 1850.

SIR,—I have been requested by the committee of the Peoples' Educational Institute, meeting at the above address, to ask for a small space in your valuable Journal in which to lay their position before your readers; hoping they may render us some assistance by the loan or gift of books, or, from those who are able, a Sunday evening lecture. We instituted our society on the 24th of September, 1848, and commenced putting by our subscriptions for the purpose of taking a place suitable for a reading and lecture room; we soon raised funds enough to do so, and hired rooms, but the dishonesty of our secretary nearly broke us up; we then met on Sunday mornings, for the purpose of discussing any subjects of importance; we have again taken rooms, where we have a reading-room, open every evening except Monday, and a class and lecture room, open occasionally. The neighbourhood is one in which ignorance prevails to a very great extent; and had we the means of carrying on a determined agitation we could speedily raise some persons from the lethargy to all progress under which they now labour. Our principles are that Ignorance is the greatest evil with which man has to contend, and that the encrease of real intellect among the lowest classes would secure the encrease of virtue, and the consequent decrease of vice and error. We allow free discussion upon all subjects, and, though we admit that humanity is liable to err, we believe humanity commits errors more frequently from not reasoning than from reasoning.

But, though we do wish for the encrease of intelligence and knowledge, we do not wish man to become pedantic, and it has, therefore, been our object to combine amusement with instruction, and it is our intention to afford the working classes an opportunity of changing their amusements from an irrational to a rational character. To provide a place where, instead of the qualling of beer-shop solo singers, men and women might hear songs of real improvement, where, instead of bawling, unmeaning, and discordant choruses, they might have choruses full of music and harmony: where, instead of preparing men for death as the gin-palaces do, they might be prepared for vigorous and useful life. For the want of this vitality many great and good reforms have been completely lost, and will yet be lost, till some power not only wakes the poor to a sense of their degradation and poverty, but gives them the power to work out problems for their benefit. It is true we possess numerous means by which the condition of the people could be improved; but of what avail are they if the people do not know, if they are not prepared to carry them out. It is then our hope that we shall be able to carry the light of knowledge further into the

mists of ignorance and bigotry than it has ever yet been; this we propose to do by the distribution and loan of tracts, and by the means formerly mentioned: and we cannot call for the sympathies of your readers in a better manner than the poet Longfellow has done when he sings:—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and court
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

And we may add prisons and poor-houses. In the hope that we may do our part towards the consummation of so great an object, we ask the aid of all who can aid us. Signed, on behalf of the Committee,

JAMES BENNY, Hon. Sec.

THE PROPOSED PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row, Oct. 27, 1850.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Frederick A. Creed, in the *Leader* of October 19, lays down a plan for a society, the successful formation of which he thinks would be very easy. His plan is certainly not remarkable for originality, and its practicability I very much question. That there are many young men in London anxious to devote some of their time to the cause of progress I well know; but the number that are really able to go forth as teachers after the manner proposed by Mr. Creed are so few, that I am led to infer that the good they would do would be but small.

Citing the mode of advocacy adopted by the teetotallers as worthy of imitation, I think is disastrous: for it must be apparent to every one who has had the misfortune to hear the teetotallers at their public meetings how easy it is for a good cause to be sacrificed through bad advocacy. It is not sufficient for a principle to be good to ensure its acceptance by the public—its advocates must be able to show that it is worthy of adoption.

The manner in which Mr. Creed talks of forming branch associations in various parts of the metropolis would lead persons to suppose that there were really no places open in London where the principles of political and social progress might be advocated. But I beg to state for your correspondent's information, and that of other persons who may not be cognizant of the fact, that there are several institutions of progress now in existence that would readily afford every facility to young men anxious to do something for their fellow-creatures, either by lectures or public discussions. There are institutions of the character Mr. Creed is desirous of forming in nearly every part of London. At No. 2, Little Dean-street, Soho, a public discussion is held every Tuesday; at No. 1, Warner-place, Hackney-road, the institution is devoted two or three nights a week to the same object; the Carlisle-street Institution, Edgeware-road, is well known for its animated debates every Saturday night; the Free Enquirers' Society, British Coffee-house, Edgeware-road, has a debating class; the Institute of Progress, No. 1, George-street, Sloane-square, has a public discussion every Friday evening; and in John-street, Fitzroy-square, Webber-street, Blackfriars-road, and other places, there are halls which afford opportunities to the friends of the working classes to explain their views and enforce their claims.

I think that a course might be pursued by all who are anxious to promote the cause of progress, that would produce more beneficial results than can arrive, at present, from starting new societies. My suggestion is this—that, instead of starting new societies, Mr. Creed, and all who are able and willing to join him, should immediately enrol themselves as members of that institution which is in their immediate vicinity, and devote their time and energies to the promotion of its interest, and thus assist in placing upon a sure and firm basis those institutions that are now in a feeble and struggling state. The Islington part of London lost a valuable institute that was open for some years in Frederick-place, Goswell-road, entirely for the want of a few more members. And if comparatively old institutions become closed through want of assistance, how much more unlikely is it that new ones will succeed?

There is one point in particular I should like to call attention to, which is this:—that all young men who wish to come before the public as advocates of any particular views, should, before they do so, make themselves masters of the subject on which they propose to descant, should be able to speak tolerably correctly, and should carefully discipline themselves that they may be able to avoid all exaggeration. Now, I know there are comparatively few among the working classes who have done this—hence the disgrace and almost utter ruin that have been brought upon nearly every cause advocated by the people. These disastrous consequences might be avoided by young men joining mutual instruction societies and mechanics' institutions, and becoming educated themselves before putting themselves forward as teachers of others. They would then find the cause of progress assisted in a twofold degree.

AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A PLEASANT announcement to many readers will be that of LEIGH HUNT's resumption of the *London Journal*, the most delightful of all the periodicals of its day, the cessation of which caused an unusual regret; as a literary journal its success was brilliant, but as a commercial speculation it failed, partly from want of capital, but mostly from want of management. We understand that the new journal will be in the hands of experienced and practical men, so that nothing will be demanded of LEIGH HUNT but that which he so well can give—grace, fancy, wit, and wisdom.

Another new journal is *The Christian Socialist*, emanating from the party which has already given examples of its earnestness in the cause by starting the Associations now flourishing in London, and by the publication of those striking *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, the sixth of which (*Preaching Identities, or Hints for Political Economists*) has just appeared. Let us hope that this new journal will not confine itself to theoretic Socialism, but apply itself to the questions of the day. One striking example of the mode in which Socialists may properly descend into the arena of politics is to be seen in the admirable newspaper, *La République*, edited by M. EUGENE BARESTE; the new journal, *The Christian Socialist*, cannot, of course, pretend to rival a newspaper, but it may, nevertheless, learn from *La République* the practicability of advantageously uniting abstract discussion with concrete example.

CHARLES KNIGHT is making preparations for 1851 by commencing a *Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations*, and a *Cyclopædia of London*—the latter an abridgement in one volume of the six volumes of *London*, with corrections and additions. How wise we shall all be at the close of that eventful year! Wider and wider the extending circles of knowledge expand, each creating one greater than itself, like the circles in still water when a stone is thrown into it; and nothing can check this progress so long as Freedom of Thought is preserved among us. But will that Freedom be preserved? Are we not in danger of the Pope? May not the GALILEOS and GIORDANO BRUNOS of our day enact their parts in the tragic farce of Science persecuted by Religion? May not the Inquisition be re-established for the confusion of heretics, and the demonstration of that truth now boldly proclaimed by the Primate of Ireland, viz., that the diameter of the sun is no more than two yards, although arrogant Science (always infidel and presumptuous!) deny it? These fears assail the timid Protestant, and he raises a fierce alarm of war to the death with Papistry. Unwise Protestant! The safeguard from Papistry and all other error is absolute freedom of opinion, and you violate that condition by your intolerance of Papistry! Set science free from the trammels of bigotry, admit that all truth must be God's truth, and the Pope may issue as many bulls as he lists; the demonstrations of science will always silence the assertions of traditional dogmatism. If Catholicism spreads rapidly and threatens to reconquer her lost dominions, whose fault? There is—as we often say—no logical alternative but Absolute Authority or Absolute Freedom. The Church of Rome claims Authority, and many who feel the need of that repose pass over to it from our Church in distress of mind, because in our Church they have not the legitimate alternative of Freedom. Luther's antagonism to Rome was the antagonism of the liberty of private judgment against the assumed Authority of the Church; but, although this was the vital principle of the Reformation, it has never been active otherwise than in opposition to Rome; and the very men who scorn the pretensions of Rome on the ground of the sacredness of free thought, are deaf to any claims for liberty of thought when that liberty leads others away from their opinions. The difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England was said—by SWIFT, we believe—to be that the one is infallible and the other never in the wrong. We proclaim liberty of thought and punish the slaves who emancipate themselves. We allow freedom so long as it is "orthodox." We violate the very principle of our Reformation, and then wonder at the progress of Catholicism!

In the shape of literary news we have nothing

but BULWER'S humorous contradiction of the report that he had lost his hearing. He writes to the *Morning Post* :—

"Sir,—A paragraph has appeared in the *Morning Post*, copied from a provincial paper, stating a rumour to the effect 'that I have lost the use of both my ears, and have been in a very desponding way ever since.' Permit me to inform you that I have as much the use of my ears as ever I had; and, if I am in a desponding way (which I am not, myself, aware of), it must be rather owing to the use of my hearing than to any loss of that faculty, since it does not seem to me that the average quality of talk (and the rumour in question is, perhaps, a fair specimen of it) possesses much that is calculated to cheer the animal spirits or contribute to intellectual enjoyment. I should rather say the contrary."

In France we observe that an old dream of disappointed authors has been realized by the *Union des Auteurs-Éditeurs*, where each man becomes his own publisher, and secures the "whole of the profits." It requires very little knowledge of literature to perceive the radical mistake in such plans; and although the catalogue of this society sets forth a reasonable list of books published, we should like to see the account of "profits." It is forgotten that few authors can afford to be their own publishers, and require, therefore, the introduction of the capitalist to render publication possible: whereas, for those who can afford the expense, the existing machinery—very expensive, we admit—will be found ample.

The *Times* of Thursday mentions the publication of the circular, issued by Mazzini, for the Italian loan, which it reads in *La République*; but the *Times* might have read it in our columns last Saturday had it cared to "look at home," for in our *Democracy of Europe* it originally appeared; as will other official acts and statements of the Democratic party.

In France things are dull enough, and the only novelty JEFFS has upon his counter is *Un Beau Démon*, by PAUL FEVAL—a sort of Brummagem *Suz*—whose fertility in "striking incident" has made him popular. We carried it off in the hope of amusement, and will intimate the result of our experiment at a future day. The *Études sur le Socialisme*, by FRANÇOIS LACOMBE, will gratify those who enjoy hearty abuse of a doctrine and its professors, who imagine that if they call an idea "abominable," "destructive of society," and at the same time so "utopian" that no sane man can entertain it, they have refuted it for ever. Those philosophers and "friends of order" it may gratify: all other men are warned off from it.

POOR HEINE is dying! Paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble AUGUSTIN THIERRY—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering HEINE prepares the second volume of his *Buch der Lieder*, and dictates the *Memoirs of his Life*, which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know HEINE'S wicked wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager "for the fun." There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life, but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his *Memoirs* will create a great sensation.

A GERMAN DRAMATIST.

A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodor Körner. By the translator of the "Nibelungen Treasure." Williams and Norgate.

Nothing enhances our respect for a real dramatist more than the ludicrous incompetence of even powerful minds when they attempt a drama. Not only does their ignorance of dramatic art frustrate even their poetic intentions, but by some strange process no sooner do they adopt the dramatic form than all their knowledge of human nature, and the motives which impel it, seems to pass away, and humanity only appears in conventional types, and those absurd! What things dramatic villains, dramatic lovers, dramatic fathers, and dramatic motives are! How monstrously unlike the current of human passion, the passion of the stage!

And yet such is the fascination of the drama, that every one who holds a pen is irresistibly compelled to compose one at least in the early part of his poetic career. Some men, and those not a few, venture on publication; an act which would have serious con-

sequences were it not for the perfect privacy of the publicity:—

"Non scribit equis carmina nemo non legit."

In the natural avocation of a critic he falls in with such plays; and if the reader chance to be either critic or victimized friend, and in one of these characters has read the five-act tragedies which occasionally issue from the press, he will be able to form an accurate conception of Theodor Körner's dramas here translated. Körner has a wide reputation in Germany; his lyre and sword poems have often been translated into French and English, so that we are willing to assume their merit; but whatever may be the excellence of his patriotic songs, for downright foolishness, conventional imbecility, and diffusive dulness, we back his dramas against any collection in the world. We remember some years ago being lured by his reputation into an attempt to read his plays in the original, but their unblemished mediocrity rendered the effort futile; a few pages sufficed, and we should probably never have known the extent of their worthlessness had not this translation come before us in the course of duty, and forced us to read them. It is really instructive to see what a man of reputation can write and glory in! These dramas have not even the commonest poetic merit. The diction, as mere diction, would be intolerable in a narrative poem, and is not dramatic. Even the similes and personifications, usually a redeeming portion of unactable plays, are miserably mediocre. Will it be believed that a poet of repute actually has the courage to fall into such stage rhetoric as the following?—

"Clara. Nay, if thou lovest me, my Conrad, hear me;

Only be calm!

Conr. How? Canst thou stem the torrent

Which rushes wildly to the dread abyss,
Destroying all that would oppose its course?
Canst thou command the fire to be cold,
Or hush the tempest in its wildest rage
Into the breath of zephyr? Ha, be calm!
Fie on the word!"

And this stage "property" pleases him so much that he repeats it at page 120.

But we will analyze one play, as a fair sample of his dramatic power, and it shall be *Hedwig*, because "Körner himself informs us it has excited more attention than any of his other works." Hedwig is the foster-child of Count Felseck, beloved by the Count's son Julius, but struggling with her own passion for him because she is not a fit match for a Count. The play opens with a scene between the lovers, wherein they inform each other, for the benefit of the audience, of all that they must have known perfectly. Hedwig having refused to listen to his passion "rushes out" leaving Julius of course to "take the stage" and soliloquize. Then enter Rudolph, from whose soliloquy we learn that he has "already sunk to hell"—figuratively—through his crimes, but his love for Hedwig has "sown some seeds of virtue in his breast," and he feels that with her love he could once more be virtuous. Hedwig returns, agitated, determined to "away, away," a cottage being her "proper sphere," not baronial halls, and the love-smitten Rudolph thus addresses her:—

"Rud. Fair Hedwig, why so pensive? Does regret
Or joy suffuse those beautiful eyes with tears?
For you are deeply moved; deny it not,
And, if 'twill soothe you, know here beats a heart
That shares alike your sorrows and your joys.
This language, from the untutor'd woodman's lips,
May well sound somewhat strange, but let not that
Perplex you, fairest one."

Though why his language should sound strange, and why it should perplex Hedwig, we cannot discern; she does apparently:—

"Hed. With mingled pleasure and surprise I hear!
Long have I vainly sought a kindred soul.
True, many a one of lowly birth may feel
Warmly as I, but still their boisterous tone
Repels my confidence and chills my heart;
But say, for many months we've dwelt together,
Yet did I ne'er discover, 'till this hour,
Aught, save the huntsman, in your air or mien."

Rudolph then, in the approved style, tells her how an adverse destiny dogged his steps and blasted all his hopes, how he was not born to earn his bread by servitude, but having seen her he straightway engaged himself as huntsman to the Count, and winds up with this:—

"Hedwig, bethink thee well!
My doom is in thy hands, for hell or heaven."

He takes her hand and is about to have the question settled, when:—

"BERNARD enters.

Bern. The Count
Calls you, Sir Forester.
Rud. I cannot come.
Bern. Not come, Sir Forester; what! are you mad?
When the Count summons you, not come?
Rud. Enough!
Bern. Curse on! Oh, Hedwig! Oh, my barter'd freedom!
[Rushes out.]

Is not that a delicious bit? To the reader of Körner it is the more amusing because he sees how the author *always* contrives to prevent an explanation by an abrupt departure. So in the next scene where—having first learned that Rudolph is a "practised murderer" and the friend of robbers—we learn that he has just saved the Count's life, who bids him claim a reward; Rudolph suggests that a wife and cottage would be the height of his desire, and when the Count bids him seek a wife, he replies:—

"Rud. The search were needless, noble Count, she's found,
'Tis your consent alone is wanting now."

Julius. What am I doom'd to hear?
Count. Why, my consent!

Who is thy love?

Rud. Hedwig.
Count. My foster-child?

Rud. The same.

Julius. Impossible!

Count. Hast spoken with her?

Rud. I have.

Julius. And her reply?

Rud. She answer'd not;—

But in her tears I read a soft consent.

Julius. Oh! Hedwig! Hedwig!

Count. Hum! but thou art brave

And zealous in thy calling; in thy mien,

Thy tone, thy language, one may clearly mark

Above thy station. Thou hast saved my life,

And, if she loves thee—

Julius. Hold, my father, hold!

Oh! let no hasty word escape thy lips,

Nor with a boon so precious, recompense

A service paltry gold may well repay.

That lovely flower thy fond paternal hand

Has rear'd and cherish'd, wouldst thou see it now

Trampled, and crush'd, and wither'd in its prime?

No hasty promise! I've a secret here,

But this is not the spot on which to breathe it.

Oh, if my peace, my hopes be dear to thee,

Decide not this in haste. Come to the castle,

There shalt thou learn it all—my father, come!

Count. Julius, what mean'st thou?

Rud. (aside). Demons!

Julius. Come, my father!

Oh! would that I had earlier trusted thee!

Count. What means this mystery?

Julius. Oh! ask me not,

All will be soon explain'd."

Is not that like a grave burlesque? Indeed the whole tone reminds one of the parodies which wags have from time to time written to laugh dramatists out of their absurdities. The dramatic critic will note how dexterously Körner evades the collision, and puts off till another time that which ought at once to take place; it is done again in the subsequent scene. Julius has "explained" to his father—gained his consent to a marriage with Hedwig—told Hedwig of it—found her unaccountably obstinate in refusing to accept the consent, and now kneels at her feet swearing he will not leave her:—

"Rudolph (entering). Demons of Vengeance!
Hedwig, Ha!
I understand thee! Rudolph! I am thine! [Rushes out.]

Anything more unredeemably absurd than this scene we should find it difficult to name. But let us hurry to the close. Rudolph, finding he has a rival in Julius, sells himself once more figuratively to the devil—plots with robbers to enter the castle and plunder it, and is enjoying his triumph when Hedwig seizes a musket and shoots him.

The reader may not unreasonably ask why we have taken even this notice of what is so contemptible? Had they been dramas written by one less celebrated we might have paused; but bearing a popular name, and introduced to the public by a careful translation, we thought a distinct expression of opinion called for. Let us in conclusion add, that the translation seems well done, though we have not tested its accuracy by comparison with the original; yet it bears the signs of care and felicity: close enough to show that it is not paraphrastic, yet not so literal as to be servile and obscure. A memoir of the poet, three prose tales, and some miscellaneous poems are added to the Dramas.

THEOPHILUS TRINAL.

Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student. By Thomas T. Lynch. Longman and Co.

THERE is promise in the writer of this volume, though the work itself is ill adapted to command the atten-

tion of readers. Firstly, the scheme of the book is worn out. Students who die and leave behind them notebooks filled with fragments of poetry and prose are seldom interesting even when they are real, but as fictions they are wholly intolerable. Secondly, the matter of the book is unripe. Mr. Lynch is of a reflective turn, has at command an ample range of imagery and illustration, and has caught the trick of other minds—notably Emerson's; but the fulness of thought, which alone could make such fragments valuable, he has not yet attained.

There are numerous poems in the volume, many indicating a true poetic sense, but all strangely defective in the elemental music of verse, and all needing the intensity and concinnity of poetic diction. The charm of the work—for charm it has—lies in a certain freshness of expression and in an abundance of illustration often beautiful. The single extract for which we can find room will confirm this:—

"SENTIMENT."

"Bulbs will grow for a single season in water, but they will not flower or grow healthily the next season, unless they be put in earth; so it is with our minds. They will blossom in seclusion nourished by thought; but the season of blossom passed, their vitality must be renewed by the work and experience of life, which is as the earth to them. From dark, rough, common life, stony and earthy, springs beauty and vigour. Yet the plant, though removed from the water, must be watered; must have influence of sentiment, of imaginative thought. Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous. We often speak contemptuously of the sentimentalist, and we do so because his feeling is not real; or, if real, has no proportionateness to a right activity. He is tawdry, or concealed, or designing. Truly fine natures dislike finery, but coarse ones may dislike both fineness and finery. There are some who have no more heart for fine thoughts than they have ear for fine music. But fine thoughts are to pure and deep feeling what fine growths are to a warm, summery climate. Flowers and trees grow in the earth, and thoughts noble and fine, flowers of a transient goodness, and cedars of stately enduring growth, are rooted in and have sustenance from reality. We may good-humouredly laugh at or indignantly expose the dressy, foppish, hypocritical exhibitors of prettinesses and tendernesses, and yet earnestly affirm that the imaginative thinker, the poet, and the artist, are most practical men; quite as practical as the butcher and the baker. The thinker and the poet must be students and lovers of the world. They may or may not know a little of engineering and the funds, but they must know much of human character and experience. Their practicalness is the bestowal of joys, and hopes, and faith. Under their influence the world quickens and shapens. In the world, as it exists, there is ever a longing to possess a pure and lofty idea of things, and by this idea to produce changes—a new world. This longing utters itself, and nurtures itself by the imaginative thinkers, whether they be poets or prosists. True-hearted poetry becomes, as we may say, the world's good. Here is an account of the world's marriage: wife came of it, though many such marriages must there be before all the newnesses will be born that mankind require."

GENEVIÈVE.

Geneviève; or the History of a Servant Girl. Translated from the French of A. de Lamartine. By A. H. Scoble.

H. G. Bohn.

SOME weeks ago we noticed the original of this work, or, more correctly speaking, the theoretic preface to it, in which Lamartine explains what constitutes a true People's literature. The story itself was at that time not completed, and we contented ourselves with demolishing the offensive and foolish preface. Since then the *Athenæum* has lauded with unusual praise the beauty and the truth of the story, mentioning, if we mistake not, Jeannie Deans in the same breath! and Mr. Bohn has published a remarkably good translation of it in his shilling series.

Viewed simply as a story there is much in it quite charming, pages such as a poet only could write; there is also a certain freshness of simplicity in strange contrast to Lamartine's tinselled magnificence and theatrical tone. If the reader will consent to skip, or to forget the introduction, and allow the story to speak for itself, we can promise him an agreeable book. But to us, as critics, bound to look deeper than a transient impression, forced to measure the execution by the intention, called upon to pronounce judgment on the work of art, the book has little value. Not only do we assert that Lamartine's general position, viz., that a literature for the People must be restricted to the actual daily life of the People,—is a superficial notion, contradicted by universal experience, and contrary to the very purposes of literature; but we further assert that Lamartine has in this story violated the very first conditions of such a literature, and that his example would fail to affect the People, because it swerves from the broad truth. There is a radical untruth in the man which seems to vitiate all he does! The more we read of him the more we are

impressed by this peculiarity; and the impression is painful to us because there is so much that is graceful, exalted, generous, and sympathetic in Lamartine that we fain would love him; but while "his heart," to use the popular energetic phrase, "is in the right place," his intellect has—we will not say a squint—but a "slight cast in the eye."

Geneviève is the story of a simple-minded peasant girl, left to take a mother's care of a younger sister, which she does, gains the esteem of her village, where she keeps a small shop, and secures, moreover, the heart of Cyprien, a young mountaineer. The father of her lover one day enters her shop, and purchases two mirrors, paying her, intentionally, sixpence more than the price. He quits the shop, and Geneviève, on discovering the mistake, runs after him and returns the sixpence. Honesty must be at a high premium in France if we are to believe Lamartine, for—our readers will doubtless be astonished to hear it—he makes this return of the sixpence an act of small heroism! The father of Cyprien, having never seen Geneviève, came into the village in order to try her; and so overjoyed was he by this act of honesty that he gave his hearty consent to the marriage of his son with such a model of virtue!

What will the People say to that? Is it an encomium, or is it an insult? To proceed: Geneviève and Cyprien are betrothed. The following pretty extract describes the journey they took together up into the mountains on the day of betrothal:—

"I shut the door, and gave him the keys, just as if he had already been my husband. He took me in his arms as easily as if I had been a sheaf of barley, seated me gently in the saddle, put my feet into the stirrups, and then gave the bridle into my hands, and told me to hold the pommel of the saddle with the other."

"Don't be afraid, Geneviève," he said, "I'll walk by your side, a little in advance, that I may hold the mule by the halter, and if he makes a false step, or you feel afraid, cry out, and throw yourself towards me; I won't let you fall to the ground. Now, off we go."

"I was very much alarmed, but I said nothing, and I picked up my courage when I saw Cyprien's head and shoulders almost touching my knee, and sweeping off the dust from my shoes. I said to myself, 'I have nothing to fear while I am so near him.' It was not quite day yet, when we crossed the little bridge in the midst of the fields, and began to ascend the path that leads up into the mountains. Cyprien, without looking at me, or saying anything to me, began to sing as loudly as he could, and with so melodious a voice, that the rocks on our road resounded with the betrothal song, as we proceeded on our way."

"The bells, and the clattering of the hoofs of the mule upon the smooth rocks, formed an accompaniment to Cyprien's song; and as the nightingales now began to awake, and the larks to soar heavenwards, and the cascades roared along, and the young girls just risen from bed, came out to the doors of their cottages to see us pass,—everything was so gay, sir, that my heart really overflowed with joy, and I seemed to have been lifted up into the third heaven. I remembered to have seen in the Bible on my mother's bed, a picture of the Holy Virgin seated with the infant Jesus upon a mule, which an angel was leading by the bridle. I said to myself, 'You are like a Holy Virgin, but what have you done with the child?' And for a moment my heart was saddened when I thought that I had left Josette behind; but this feeling did not last long. Cyprien turned round another rock, entered into another wood, forded another mountain torrent, wading with naked legs through the water, or else seated upon the mule behind me, and all was again surprise, joy, and laughter as before."

"I was so surprised, sir, at the sight of the country-people, the sky, the mountains, the woods, the waterfalls, and, indeed, everything I saw; all was quite new to me, for I had never before been out of Voiron, and scarcely ever out of my house, and all this seemed to me like enchantment. I admired everything, I questioned Cyprien about everything, I cried out with astonishment at everything! and yet I was afraid of nothing, because I was with him. But, if it must be confessed, sir, two or three times I made believe to be very much frightened at the sight of the precipices and the noise of the torrents; so I cried out, and threw myself, with my hand on his shoulder, around his neck, that he might half support me, and that he might encircle me with his strong arm, and then I was no longer afraid."

"And did he not once snatch a kiss, Geneviève?"

"Oh! no, sir, I assure you, he was too modest to do that, he did not kiss me along the road any more than my guardian angel would have done; he was more red with shame than I was; he did not touch me with his lips until his father said to him in the presence of all the company at table, in his mother's house: 'Come, Cyprien, kiss your betrothed!'"

"We stopped sometimes to let the mule rest in the shade, in the hollow of a rock, by the brink of the foaming waters. He broke off some small fir-twigs, and gave them to me to fan myself with them, and to drive away the flies from my cheeks. Once, indeed, when I was thirsty, he went and fetched me some water from the torrent, in the hollow of his two hands, which he arranged so as to form a cup. He raised them up towards me, and I stooped down and drank as I would have done from a spring. I could never satisfy myself with drinking thus; it

seemed to familiarize me with him who was to be my husband. I kept on drinking long after I had quenched my thirst, and he laughed and said: 'Well done! Miss Geneviève, don't hurry yourself: this is the way in which we drink up in the mountains when we are haying.' Then, when I had done, he drank after me, opened his hands, and threw some drops into my face to refresh me. This was the only thing that happened along the road."

"Oh! how beautiful everything seemed in my eyes that morning! the gorges through which it seemed impossible for the mule even to pass, so closely did the rocks and fir-trees approach one another, as if to block up the road; the half-melted snows that leapt, like drowning lambs, from rock to rock, crying out, howling, and hissing, just as if they had been living beings! the branches of the fir-trees that extended over the pathway, and compelled me every now and then to bend down my head to the neck of the mule, for fear of losing my head-dress and my comb; the precipices all adorned with red, blue, and yellow flowers, such as I had never seen in the gardens of Voiron; the white foam that we could see at the bottom, and which looked as though floods of milk had fallen down from heaven; the rainbows which extended like bridges from one side of the precipices to another, and appeared beneath instead of above us; the little fogs which incessantly rose above the pines, and then became clouds, and burst out into thunder and lightning, and storm, for a quarter of an hour, but quickly disappeared like Josette's air-bubbles, and discovered to our view afterwards a spotless sky of blue; I could not tire of looking at all these things, and I said to myself: 'How lovely the world is!' I could have wished to remain there for ever, and not go on to my journey's end. Cyprien had seen these things all his life, sir, and yet he was in no greater hurry to proceed than I was, and he said to me: 'Geneviève, you will think that I am not telling the truth, but I declare to you that the country never before seemed to me so beautiful as it does now that I am with you. I don't know why it should be so, but so it is.' And he was continually saying that the mule went too fast because he knew he was travelling towards his meadow, and he continually found some reason for stopping him, sometimes to tighten the girths, sometimes to drive a gadfly off his neck, and sometimes to take a stone out of his foot. Oh! he was very fond of his mule, sir; don't you think he was?"

"At last we arrived at the long red bridge over the stream which divides the wood of Montagnol from the wood of Valneige, and then we heard gun-shots, that rolled like thunder through the ravines. 'Don't be frightened,' said Cyprien; 'these are my relatives, who have walked on with the lads and lasses of the country to do you honour.'"

"We met them on the middle of the bridge. There were about thirty of them, both men and women, old and young. Father Cyprien was at their head. His son gave him the bridle of the mule. The children threw grains of wheat and corn-poppies under the feet of the animal, so that the planks of the bridge were quite covered with them; but I was redder than the poppies at seeing myself thus honoured like a queen making her triumphal entry into Jerusalem. I was only a poor servant, not yet twenty years of age, you know: was not this likely to humiliate me?"

"I was led in this style from door to door, until we arrived at the church, where the vicar and the chorister stood ready to bless the betrothed, and when that was over, we went on to Father Cyprien's cottage, to greet my mother-in-law, and to taste the bread. In front of all the houses by which we passed there was placed near the door a little table, covered with a hempen cloth, on which were placed cakes, fritters, sweet pancakes, white wine, and bouquets of flowers. The mothers and their daughters were on the threshold of the door, and I had to take a piece of everything as I passed. This was the custom, and afterwards I was considered one of the country people."

"Cyprien's mother placed a three-legged stool for me, to assist me getting down from the mule. She then took me by the hand, and, although she was quite lame, led me gravely first to the stable, then successively to the barn, the corn-loft, the dairy, the fountain, the wash-house, the bakehouse, and lastly to the dwelling-house. There a long table had been placed, covered with wheaten cakes, baked meats, and jugs of wine. She led me up to the fireplace, where, over the fire, a number of saucers were boiling; she made me touch the hook and the fire-dogs; and then she kissed me, and said to me a few words in the mountain dialect which I did not understand."

"I did not dare to make any answer, and if I had not seen Cyprien standing close behind me, with his relatives, I should have run away. The men sat down to table; the mother, the women, and I waited on them; only from time to time, Cyprien's father made me sit down by him on the bench, eat a little, and drink a glass of white wine with him; the rest of the time I gathered up my silk dress, and fastened it round my waist, turned up my sleeves, took off my head-dress, and went into the washhouse with the other women to knead the cakes, wash the plates, and fill the bottles for the guests. 'She is not proud, and she doesn't mind work,' said the old women to Cyprien's mother; 'you are very fortunate; she will be a great help to you in doing the work of the house.'"

We will also quote this passage out of their return home:—

"We amused ourselves for such a long time on the road that night had fallen more than two hours when we arrived at the foot of the mountains near the bridge by the meadows of Voiron: Cyprien, whom the night rendered more bold, stopped on the bridge, close by the first house of the town. 'Here we are, Geneviève, at our journey's end,' said he, sorrowfully; 'we must bid

each other farewell before we get into the street where everybody can hear us." "Yes, Cyprien," replied I, "let us bid each other good-bye here, and when you have taken me back to the door of my house, the place from whence you fetched me, you shall not even come in; you shall go away again without even whispering my name, so that evil tongues may have nothing to say against us."

"Then, sir, he put his two arms on the neck of his mule, like a man during prayer-time rests his elbows on his pew in church; turned his head towards me, and I put my face near his, and he said, 'Farewell, then, Miss Geneviève.' 'Farewell then, M. Cyprien!' I answered. Then he sighed very deeply, and I sighed too; and he said again, 'Good bye, Miss Geneviève,' and I repeated, 'Good bye, M. Cyprien!' and so went on for at least fifty times each: 'Adieu, Geneviève!' 'Adieu, Cyprien!' and sighed as many times without saying anything more. At last he raised his left arm and put it round my waist, and drew me towards him, and kissed me, and pressed me to his heart; and all was over. He took the mule by the bridle, walked on without turning back once and without speaking till we got to my door, lifted me off the mule, gave me back my key, then turned the head of the mule homewards, and set off without stopping to look back. But I saw that he was weeping, and I sat down for a moment all alone on the stone bench in the shade near my door, to cry also silently."

On arriving at her home Geneviève is interrogated by her sister Josette, and is obliged to tell her she is going to be married. Josette, like a wilful, spoiled child, begins to cry and sob, and will not hear of the marriage. A "scene" takes place between them, at the close of which Geneviève, to pacify her sister, vows she will not marry Cyprien. And this vow she keeps! The marriage is broken off. She remains with her sister. Now, what does the reader think of such highflown sentiment and circulating library modes of action by way of a literature for the People, which, interdicting all "imagination," professes only to copy the "reality"? What answer would the broad direct good sense of the People make to such a statement? The answer would be: Geneviève is a simpleton to suffer her life to be controlled thus by the caprice of a child, and she has no right to sacrifice the happiness of her lover on such a pretext. Geneviève is not heroic, but absurd.

The story continues. Cyprien marries another. Geneviève is unhappy but stoical. Josette blooms into womanhood, and falls in love with a young officer, who was thrown from his horse at their very door (the old style!), and who marries her secretly (an action familiar enough in novels, but not common in villages between young nobles and peasant girls!), but is forced to quit with his regiment before he can avow it. This romantic young officer is killed in an engagement. Josette very naturally objects to hiding herself from the gaze of her neighbours, and wishes to tell everyone boldly:—

"Yes! I was his wife, and I shall soon be the mother of his child." When girls are passionately in love, they consider their love an honour rather than a disgrace. But I said to her:

"The name and the honour of the family do not belong to you alone; do you wish to dishonour and destroy me together with yourself? Do you wish to disgrace the memory of our poor mother, and cast a slur on the reputation of our brother in his regiment? Do you wish it to be said: 'See how well her mother brought her up! and how well her sister took care of her! there goes the brother of the two bad girls of Voiron!'"

"She understood this reasoning, sir, and agreed to what I said, and promised all I wished."

If Josette understood this reasoning she had greater intelligence than we can boast of, for to our apprehensions the whole thing is preposterous, so untrue that it would shock us even in a high-flown Minerva press novel. In the first place, admitting that Josette could not convince her neighbours that she really was married, illegitimate children are not such rare phenomena in villages as to dishonour the whole family in which they appear; but setting that aside, does not the reader feel that Josette and Geneviève, both respected as they were, would have been objects of generous sympathy, and that the fact of marriage might have been stated with certainty of credence? To have made the incident suitable to his purposes, he should have said nothing about marriage, but allowed the young officer to seduce Josette in the approved manner.

The child is born; to save the family honour Geneviève persuades her sister to send it to the foundling hospital; the nurse who takes the child there is arrested, and refusing to name the mother, is imprisoned; Josette dies; and Geneviève, again called upon to be heroic, takes the fault upon herself, declares she is the mother of the child, and is imprisoned in consequence. Really this is the hysteresis of honour! If the French People are expected to sympathize with rhodomontade of senti-

ment such as this, rather than with fairy tales, poems, and unhappy princesses, they must be formed of different material from other Peoples. But we can pursue the subject no farther. To criticize the truth of Lamartine's works is an idle task; we have indicated enough to direct the reader's attention to the point we wished, and can therefore safely recommend him to read the story just as he would read any of the thousand and one stories fabricated for the amusement of the wearied or unoccupied. It will amuse a listless hour; but it will not withstand serious criticism. As "tasters" for the public we recommend it, knowing the public is not exacting; as "critics," guided by severer rules, we pronounce it valueless in respect of its substance, though very felicitous in some of its details of execution.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The English Language. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.D. Third Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. Taylor and Walton.

This is a work of solid and careful erudition. Dr. Latham has long been known as a philologist whose works rival German authorities in the comprehensiveness of their material and the minute accuracy of their research. Without aiming at achieving distinction by brilliant paradoxes or novel views, he is careful to possess himself of all the latest results of European enquiry, and so bring before his reader what is the actual state of every question. In the present edition of his work on the English Language, the reader who is curious in such matters, will find a lucid arrangement combined with great minuteness of detail. The method is partly historical and partly grammatical (or, as he styles it—logical.) The first exhibiting the inflections which have been used; the second exhibiting the way in which they ought to be used. To give anything like an analysis of its contents would so transcend our limits, that we must restrict ourselves to an emphatic commendation, leaving the curious reader to make further acquaintance with it in its own pages.

Light and Darkness. By Mrs. Crowe. H. Colburn.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare. Part II. The Comedy of Errors. C. Knight.

Cyclopædia of London. Part I. C. Knight.

Cyclopædia of Industry of All Nations. Part I. C. Knight.

Upon Parity. By Burke and Lord John Russell. Edited by Charles Fuston Cooper, Esq. Pickering.

Tracts on Christian Socialism. VI. Bell.

The Reign of Cant and Humbug, exemplified in the career of Jeremy Diddler (late M.P. for Kennington), the Gas Philanthropist. Office of the Gas Journal.

THE NOSTRUMS OF PARTIES.—"And so I began to look on man (and too many of us, I am afraid, are doing so) as the creature and puppet of circumstances—of the particular outward system, social or political, in which he happens to find himself. An abominable heresy, no doubt; but, somehow, it appears to me just the same as Benthamites, and economists, and high-churchmen, too, for that matter, have been preaching for the last twenty years with great applause from their respective parties. One set informs the world that it is to be regenerated by cheap bread, free trade, and that peculiar form of the 'freedom of industry' which, in plain language, signifies 'the despotism of capital'; and which, whatever it means, is merely some outward system, circumstance, or 'dodge' about man, and not in him. Another party's nostrum is more churches, more schools, more clergymen—excellent things in their way—better even than cheap bread, or free trade, provided only that they are excellent—that the churches, schools, clergymen, are good ones. But the party of whom I am speaking seem to us workmen to consider the quality quite a second consideration, compared with the quantity. They expect the world to be regenerated, not by becoming more a Church—none would gladder help them in bringing that about than the Chartists themselves, paradoxical as it may seem—but by being doled somewhat more with a certain 'Church system,' circumstance, or 'dodge.' For my part, I seem to have learnt that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad, but simply more of the Spirit of God."—*Alton Locke.*

The Arts.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL.

In the year 1817, a German poet, a critic of the highest pretensions, whose appreciation of Shakspeare few will doubt when we name him—Ludwig Tieck—came to England, and followed with great interest and an unbiased judgment the performances of Kemble, Kean, and Miss O'Neill. In one of the tragedies he notices—*The Apostate*—Macready played the villain, and Tieck says of him:—"His villain was so admirably represented, so vehement, truthful, and powerful a personation that for the first time since I have been in England I felt myself recalled to the best days of German acting. If the young man continues in this style he will go far." We remember, in a conversation on actors we had with him in 1839, his saying that Macready pleased him better than Kemble or Kean. We confess the comparison with

Kean seems to us unfortunate: in general culture, careful study, picturesque of costume, and what one may call the domesticities of tragedy, Macready is as superior to Kean as he is inferior in passion, grandeur, ideality, and the peculiar something named *genius*. Kean had a lion-like grace, a lion-like intensity which impressed the spectator ineffaceably. When he let himself loose upon the storm of passion, he abandoned himself to it without reserve; whatever he did well he did incomparably. But he did many things ill. His ore had alloy of the basest qualities. He was full of trick, melodrama, and slovenly indifference to those passages which did not admit of *points*. Macready, on the contrary, plays parts as wholes—neglects nothing, studies every gesture, and errs on the side of over-elaboration. Every one must admit Macready to be a remarkable actor, and one to whom writers have always entrusted new parts without misgiving. He has been a favourite of the public for many years; and a sort of sadness falls upon the mind when we think that this is to be his last few weeks of triumph. We shall miss him when he is gone. Dramatic authors will miss him greatly. The stage, already so poor in talent, cannot afford to lose him.

On Monday he played Macbeth to an excited and crowded audience; on Wednesday, Hamlet; on Thursday, Shylock.

A brief paragraph must despatch the remaining theatrical news. A "screaming" farce produced at the Adelphi, called *The School for Tigers*, shows Wright and Miss Woolgar in two parts admirably suited to them; Compton is great in *Allons Me to Apologise*, at the Olympic; Hudson rattles through *My Friend in the Straps* and *The Irish Diamond*, at the Haymarket; and Keeley and Harley are riotously mirth-provoking in *Sent to the Tower*, at the Princess's.

Mr. Charles Selby has written a humorous reply to our onslaught upon his piece the *Husband of my Heart*, but the only point in his letter which concerns the public is the rectification of our error in stating that the piece was a rifacimento of the *Pride of the Market*—an error so venial, by the way, that even the *Times* fell into it. Mr. Selby informs us that the piece was translated from *Duchesse et Poissarde*, and not from *La Bouquetière du Marché des Innocents*. We stand corrected. For the rest Mr. Selby has taken our article in its right spirit—that of jocose reproof.

ART AND MANUFACTURE.

There is nothing new in the idea of applying the principles of beauty to the formation of useful articles, but it has found new modes of manifestation; in some instances hardly so much expressing its genuine spirit, as interpreting it in favour of artistic caprice. Simple enough in itself, it has been so overlaid by a complication of fancies, that some care is necessary in extricating the original idea.

Objects of utility have a beauty of their own, which is generally apparent in exact proportion to their practical fitness. Take a carpenter's rule; is it not at once elegant, simple, and sufficient? Its beauty is that of conciseness, and is as perfect, in its own inferior degree, as the beauty of the Portland vase. But the two kinds are distinct, and see how an attempt to fuse them has ended in commonplace. An eminent decorative manufacturer has published a reduced copy of the bas-relief group of Neptune and Amphitrite from the Glyptothek at Munich, and adapted it to a foot-rule, which, as a mathematical instrument, is rendered unavailable by the excrescence; at the same time the beauty of the antique design is injured by an ugly fringe of marks and figures. With equal propriety we might take a wine-cask—not an ungraceful object in itself—and make it the base of a Tuscan column.

A propensity to cumbrous ornament distinguishes all the bad styles of design. The very worst, perhaps, ever known, obtained among us until a comparatively recent period, having originated in France during the Empire. This remarkable epidemic was chiefly manifest in handles. On every available space was screwed a brass handle, generally formed by a knot of snakes, biting each other's throats. A certain walnut-tree cabinet is to us a hideous dream on this very account. Now, we may observe that an unavoidable projection, for the purpose of a handle, affords the best opportunity of extraneous embellishment, and is often the only excuse for disturbing the simplicity of useful form. In a handsome dinner-service, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington of Regent-street (the inventors, also, of the foot-rule above-mentioned), this legitimate excuse has been turned to happy account. A miniature copy of the celebrated antique Boar in the Vatican, is here made to serve as the handle of each cover, and presents the desirable facility of *grasp*, while it forms an appropriate ornament.

There is no reason why the influence of art should be unfelt in the poorest home. It is not of familiarizing beauty that we are afraid, but of vulgarizing it; and it is as easy to vulgarize beauty in applying it to luxurious ends, as by grafting it on some common utensil.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GUTHRIE.

MARTYRS AND PROPHETS.

What, tho' the Prophets and Martyrs have perisht,
The Angel of Life rolls the stone from their graves!
It liveth immortal—the freedom they cherish;
Their faith's triumph-cry stirs the spirits of slaves.
They are gone; but a glory they've left in our life
Like the Day-God's last kiss upon dark clouds of even;
Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,
To climb as star-beacons up Liberty's heaven.
Think of the wrong that has ground us for ages;
Think of the wrong we have still to endure!
Think of the blood, red on history's pages;
Then work that the guerdon be speedy and sure!
Slaves cry unto God; let our God be revealed,—
In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for Man;
And, bearing—or borne upon—Victory's shield,
Let us fight battle-harness'd, and fall in the van!

VIVIAN ON THE WYE.

Fytte Third—(continued).

We left the countryman singing his interminable ditty, passed through the kitchen and mounted the stairs, which led to a rickety corridor and our bedroom. I was casually contemplating an agreeable countenance (my own) in the glass, when the rustic vassal, pointing to one of the two beds which stood behind me, said, "That is your bed, sir," and left the room with a friendly good night. We were puzzled why she should take upon herself to determine which bed I was to sleep in, rather than leave it to my own free choice; but as I resumed the contemplation of that perfectly agreeable image, the explanation naturally suggested itself. She had reserved the better bed for her favourite! Peter was sarcastic on the "frivolity" of women; but I made myself snug, and, leaving him to the pleasing operation of puncturing his blisters, was soon asleep. I was awakened by feeling an enquiring hand wander about my bed, and starting up I saw in the moonlight the majestic form of McPousto in his shirt. "Have you sheets on your bed?" he enquired. "Sheets? Of course." "There are none on mine—in fact, there's nothing there but a mattress and a counterpane," and he revealed, as he spoke, a most uninviting sheetless bed. I now fancied I perceived why my admirer was anxious to impress me with the fact that one of the beds was set apart for me; but Peter suddenly exclaimed, "Why, they must mean us to sleep together in the same bed!" It was but too obvious. "There is not a *corps* in it, is there?" I asked. I saw the philosopher's knees knock together at the horrid suggestion—for he had that day told me the story of a man who at a country inn was allowed to sleep in the room with a corpse, and only discovered it when the morning light revealed the ghastly companionship!

Things, however, were not so bad as that. We were in a primitive place, and to our Welsh host it doubtless seemed the most natural thing in the world that two travellers should share one bed. Peter hunted for a bellrope; but no such "fixture" did the bedroom own; so huddling on his trousers he went to the head of the stairs, and mellifluously called for Mary. A bed was soon made; and after a hearty laugh Peter reclined his noble head upon the pillow. But the idea of the corpse haunted him; and by way of making his dreams grim I wickedly told the following story.

"I remember a friend of mine, who was at Oxford at the time," said I, "describing a fearful episode in a collegian's life. The young fellow was driving his gig along the London road when he overtook a pretty farm servant, whom he had often joked with before, and throwing the reins to his groom, he jumped out and walked along the path with her, using all his eloquence, and receiving only sharp replies from her offended virtue. There was a giggling complacency, however, which urged him to persevere, and made her rebuffs seem like invitations. At length they neared the house, and the girl pointing to an open window said *that* was her bedroom—if he liked to run the risk he might get in there that night, she would leave the window open, but for the rest he must take all consequences. Don Juan joyfully accepted the proposition; she entered the farm, and he drove on. Now, Peter, conceive what women are capable of! Don Juan having dined at a neighbouring inn, about eleven o'clock he drove towards the house, and, leaving his servant with the gig a few hundred paces off, proceeded on foot to his conquest. Wearily the minutes passed to the groom who awaited his master! The clock struck twelve—one—two! He grew excessively impatient. His master was only to be absent about half an hour. Could anything have happened? He would see.

"Fastening the horse to a stile, he walked towards the house; on arriving opposite to it, he heard a low groan which startled him, and looking into the garden beheld his master on the ground. He rushed to his assistance, and found him unable to move. The thigh was broken.

"It appeared that the amorous youth had entered through the window, by means of a ladder, and found himself in an old bedroom with brilliant white curtains; to his whispered questions no answer was returned; he placed his hand on the bed to feel if it was empty, but his touch assured him of a leg; so, imagining his innamorata was coquetting with him, he walked round to

the bed-side, drew open the curtains, and there the moonlight streamed in upon a *corps*! Bewildered by the horror of the moment, he sprang out of window and broke his leg."

Peter shuddered, and declared he should dream of nothing else all night; but his tuneless nose very shortly afterwards assured me he was enjoying the slumbers of the just. Next morning we laughed over the "bed episode," and schemed our plan for the day. Before breakfast I took a desultory ramble, seduced by the balmy morning air. After breakfast we went to Ragland Castle, which disappointed us. It is a noble ruin, but our expectation had been raised too high, and the absence of sunlight robbed it of half its charm. Not to enquire too curiously into the cause, enough if I say we did not greatly enjoy the visit, so hastened to resume our tramp. We walked to Abergavenny, where we expected to find a coach to Merthyr Tydvil; but no coach was to run until the morning, and the idea of remaining half a day at Abergavenny was intolerable. After some trouble, and many enquiries which did not impress me with an exalted idea of the intelligence of the Welch (you see, like a true traveller, I generalize somewhat rapidly!), we succeeded in hiring a dog-cart to take us to Nant-y-glo. Our ride was very picturesque: the valley of the Usk is celebrated for its beauty, and the weather was the best of all weathers for mountainous scenery—sombre and misty. The purple mountains piling up on every side, the huge rolling mists circling their summits, the long stretches of bleak rock, the few isolated blasted trees extending their gaunt branches into the air with a most weird aspect, the rushing river below us tumbling through the ravine, made up a drear and gloomy picture, which sombered our thoughts and kept us silent. At length, as the shades of evening deepened, we saw by the red glare of the heavens that we were approaching Nant-y-glo, the gigantic ironworks; and soon the forges belching fire, like a Vesuvius, were seen rearing their heads from the mountain gorge.

We descended at the solitary inn—for, although Nant-y-glo contains something like fifteen thousand souls, the population is exclusively limited to workmen and their families—and after a succulent steak and a mild cigar we placed ourselves under the guidance of a perfectly stupid policeman and went over the works. The aspect was singularly grand. As we stepped out into the dark night the glare of the heavens, the tumultuous belching of the forges, the long lines of fire intersecting the vast blackness before us, which we knew were the works, the hurrying to and fro of hundreds of men and boys, now standing in the full glare of the furnaces, now passing into darkness, the clanging thunder of the ceaseless hammers, and the torrents of rain which fell at the moment, the whole scene was Plutonian, and seemed to realize Dante's Hell. We followed our guide through the vast structure, and watched the men at work. What particularly struck us—after the stupendous aspect of the whole—was the agility with which innumerable boys tossed about the fiery bars, and the way they avoided dangers which seemed incessant and from all sides. Every variety of fire seemed to be passing to and fro with rapidity; yet no accident occurred. They often do occur, of course—and one of my friends describes with great vividness the painful impression created on him by seeing so many of the boys hopping about on one leg, the other having been amputated in consequence of terrible burns. But we saw nothing of the kind. The scene was hideous enough in itself—hideous yet sublime.

Returning to our inn we drew our chairs to the fire, and over brandy and water and cigars gave vent to the feelings which were oppressing us. McPousto in particular expressed himself on a civilization which needed such foundations as Nant-y-glo, in a manner so little complimentary to the age we live in that I forbore to repeat his sarcasms. Whatever the reflections it suggested, we both agreed that Nant-y-glo was one of the most astounding and impressive sights we had ever seen, and was amply worth our quitting the pretty banks of the Wye to reach it—which hint I give for the benefit of future travellers. That night I passed in a restless fire-haunted state! My dreams were nightmares—or night *serpents*—for threading the scenes were serpents of fire, pursuing me in fantastic ways—strange pell-mell of the vision which my eyes had seen! If I awoke it was to hear the rush of the rain against our windows and the clanging of the ceaseless hammers; dropping asleep, the huge bars of fire seemed to be rushing upon me, and McPousto's face seemed mocking my terror over a glass of steaming brandy and water. Morning came at last to rid me of this fever, and we were recalled to the serious business of life by a red-elbowed Welch girl with no nose to speak of.

SONNET.

(FROM A WELSH FABLE.)

King Arthur, resting from the fervid day
In shaded precinct of a holy well,
An airy dwarfish Sprite, malformed and fell,
Approached the glittering monarch where he lay.
"Wilt wrestle, King?" shrilled gibingly the Fay.
But Arthur deigned no motion to repel
That strayed impuissant embryo of hell,
And, rising, soon went calmly on his way.
The subtle Elf, repeating still its brave,
Pursued, and, lo, impudent, grosser grew,
And waxed exceeding strong. The King then knew
Arch Habit for his foe, and durst not waive
The contest longer: grappling fierce they strave,
Till Arthur, nearly spent, the Sprite o'erthrew.

W. H.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The total number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts in the week ending last Saturday was 845. This number is lower than in any of the corresponding weeks of ten years (1840-9), except those of 1841 and 1845, when the deaths were less than 800; and it is much lower than in the same week of 1843 and 1848, when they rose above 1100. The present returns show a decrease on the average (corrected for increase of population) of 171 deaths. Taking the three classes of maladies, which together destroyed more than half of the 845 persons who died last week—namely, the epidemic, the tubercular, and those which affect the respiratory organs—it appears that though there is a decrease in each of them, it is still more remarkable in the epidemic. In this class the deaths enumerated are 188 (of which 137 occurred amongst children), whilst the corrected average is 256. Four children and an adult died of smallpox, 24 children of measles, 24 of hooping-cough, 5 of croup, 4 of thrush, 32 persons of scarlatina, 30 of diarrhoea and dysentery, and 49 of typhus. Smallpox continues to exhibit much less than the usual amount of fatality; most of the other complaints mentioned are near the average; typhus a little exceeds it.

It deserves to be noticed that on the 13th, 18th, and 23rd of October three infants, in different houses, were found dead in bed, or died suddenly in bed, all of them the children of single women.

The births of 693 boys and 669 girls, in all 1362 children, were registered in the week. The average derived from the returns of corresponding weeks in five years (1845-9) is 1320.

(From the Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General.)

This return comprises the births and deaths registered by 2180 registrars in all the districts of England during the summer quarter ending September 30, 1850; and the marriages in more than 12,000 churches or chapels, 2869 registered places of worship unconnected with the Established Church, and 623 superintendent registrars' offices in the quarter that ended June 30, 1850.

MARRIAGES.—The marriages in all England in the quarter ending June 30, 1850, were 39,018. The numbers in the spring quarter declined rapidly from 1846 to 1848, and rose still more rapidly up to 1850; thus following and portraying the state of the country.

BIRTHS.—146,970 births were registered in the quarter which ended in September. The births are invariably more numerous in the first and second than in the third and fourth quarters of the year, and they are in the last fewer by 8757 than in the previous (June) quarter; the number and the proportion of the population are, however, greater in this than in any of the corresponding quarters since 1839.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—The excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter was 60,926; which, if all the births were registered, would be the natural increase of the population. In the same time 53,703 emigrants sailed from three ports of England—1394 from Plymouth, 7684 from London, and 44,625 from Liverpool. This leaves a narrow margin for the increase of population; but many of the emigrants entered at the English ports from Ireland, which has been for many years diffusing a stream of natives over England as well as America. The progress of the whole fixed and moving population of the country can only be determined accurately from a comparison of the returns of births and deaths, of emigrants and immigrants, with periodical enumerations.

STATE OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—The mortality is much below the average; and the public health has never been so good since 1845 as in the present quarter. The rate of mortality is 1.991 per cent. per annum. At this rate one in 211 persons living died in three months. The chances of living through this quarter were 210 to 1; the average chances of living through three summer months (1839-50), for persons of all ages, being 192 to 1.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY.

This has been a week of considerable excitement on the Exchange. The market for English Funds has not, however, undergone any very great fluctuation. On Monday Consols were done at 97½, but the warlike news from the Continent on Tuesday caused a decline of three-eighths below the closing prices of the previous day. On Wednesday the market was rather firmer, and although the funds were rather depressed yesterday morning, a reaction took place before the close of business, and Consols closed at 97. In consequence of the transfer offices at the Bank being shut, this day is kept as a close holiday at the Stock Exchange.

The entire range of fluctuations this week has been—Consols, 97½ to 96½; Bank Stock, 211 to 212½; Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents., 97½ to 98½; Exchequer Bills, 65s. to 68s. pm.

Very little business has been doing in the Foreign Stock Market. The bargains in the official list of yesterday comprised:—Brazilian, at 90 and 90½; Buenos Ayres, 57½; Mexican, for money, 31½ and 32; for the account, 31½ and 32; Peruvian, 80½; the Deferred, 36½; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 96½, 4, and 97; Spanish Three per Cents., 38½, 1, 1, and 39; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 90½ and 91; Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 57½ and 58; and the Four per Cent. Certificates, 88½ and 89.

MARK-LANE, FRIDAY, NOV. 1.

Since Monday foreign supplies have been very fair of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, and large of Peas. There

is no difference to note in the value of any of the former descriptions of Corn, which are all held at Monday's prices, the trade exhibiting rather increased firmness. Beans are rather giving way in price, and Peas are quite a drag. The Northern Continental Markets are still too high to admit of importations bearing a profit.

Arrivals from Monday to Friday:—

	English.	Irish.	Foreign.	Flour.
Wheat ..	1860	—	16260	1490
Barley ..	1910	—	8210	—
Oats ..	290	2970	9690	—

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, the 26th of October, 1850.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

	£		£
Notes issued	29,406,555	Government Debt, 11,015,100	
		Other Securities ..	2,984,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	15,360,888
		Silver Bullion	45,667
	£29,406,555		£29,406,555

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

	£		£
Proprietors' Capital, 14,553,000		Government Securities (including Dead-weight Annuities) ..	14,298,901
Reserve	3,107,370	Other Securities ..	10,866,740
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings' Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts) ..	6,354,823	Gold and Silver Coin	567,114
Other Deposits	9,938,411		
Seven-day and other Bills	1,896,006		
	£35,249,610		£35,249,610

Dated Oct. 31, 1850.

M. MARSHALL, Chief Cashier.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	211	211½	211½	211½	211½	—
3 p. C. Cons. Ann. ..	96½	96½	96½	96½	96½	—
3 p. C. An. 1736 ..	97	97	96½	96½	97	—
3 p. C. Cons. An. ..	96½	97½	96½	96½	97	—
3 p. C. Cons. An. ..	97½	98	97½	98	98½	—
New 5 per Cts. ..	7 13-16	7 13-16	7 13-16	7 13-16	7 13-16	—
Long Ann., 1860 ..	267	270	269	270	—	—
Ind. St. 10 p. Ct. ..	85	88	88	88	—	—
Ditto Bonds ..	65 p	68 p	65 p	68 p	68 p	—
Ex. Bills, 1000l. ..	—	68 p	65 p	68 p	68 p	—
Ditto, 500l.	—	68 p	65 p	68 p	68 p	—
Ditto, 250l.	—	68 p	65 p	68 p	68 p	—

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(Last Official Quotation during the Week ending Friday Evening.)

Austrian 5 per Cents. 94½	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc. 31½
Belgian Bds., 4 p. Ct. 90	— Small ..
Brazilian 5 per Cents. 90½	Neapolitan 5 per Cents. —
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts. 57½	Peruvian 4 per Cents. —
Chilian 6 per Cents. —	Portuguese 5 per Cent. —
Danish 5 per Cents. —	— Annuities ..
Dutch 2½ per Cents. 57½	Russian, 1822, 5 p. Cts. —
— 4 per Cents. 88½	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts. —
Ecuador Bonds ..	— Passive ..
French 5 p. C. An. at Paris 91.95	— Deferred ..
— 3 p. Cts., Oct. 31, 57.10	

SHARES.

Last Official Quotation for the Week ending Friday Evening.

RAILWAYS.	BANKS.
Caledonian .. 8½	Australasian .. —
Edinburgh and Glasgow .. 22½	British North American .. —
Eastern Counties .. 6½	Colonial .. —
Great Northern .. 13½	Commercial of London .. 24½
Great North of England .. 24½	London and Westminster .. 27½
Great S. & W. (Ireland) .. 35½	London Joint Stock .. —
Great Western .. 69½	National of Ireland .. —
Hull and Selby .. 45½	National Provincial .. —
Leamington and Yorkshire .. 98	Provincial of Ireland .. 42
Lancaster and Carlisle .. 62	Union of Australia .. —
London, Brighton, & S. Coast .. 84	Union of London .. —
London and Blackwall .. 77	
London and N.-Western .. 117	
Midland .. 41	Bolton .. —
North British .. 7	Brazilian Imperial .. —
South-Eastern and Dover .. 19	Ditto, St. John del Rey .. 14½
South-Western .. 67½	Cobre Copper .. —
York, Newcastle, & Berwick .. 16½	
York and North Midland .. 22½	
East and West India .. —	Australian Agricultural .. 41
London .. —	Canada .. —
St. Katharine .. —	General Steam .. 80
	Penins. & Oriental Steam .. 80
	Royal Mail Steam .. 67
	South Australian .. —

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Nov. 1.

Wheat, R. New 38s. to 40s.	Maple	31s. to 32s.
Fine	White	32s.
Old	Boilers	28
White	Beans, Ticks ..	25
Fine	Old	36
Superior New 46	Indian Corn ..	28
Rye	Oats, Feed ..	15
Barley	Fine	17
Malt	Poland	17
Malt, Ord.	Fine	18
Fine	Potato	16
Peas, Hog	Fine	17

FLOUR.

Town-made	per sack 40s. to 42s.
Seconds	37 — 40
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship ..	32 — 34
Norfolk and Stockton ..	30 — 32
American	per barrel 22 — 24
Canadian	21 — 23
Wheaten Bread, 7d, the 4lb. loaf. Households, 6d.	

GENERAL AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

WEEK ENDING OCT. 26.

Imperial General Weekly Average.

Wheat	39s. 3d.	Rye	25s. 1d.
Barley	24 0	Beans	28 10
Oats	16 8	Peas	30 6

Aggregate Average of the Six Weeks.

Wheat	41s. 4d.	Rye	26s. 1d.
Barley	24 5	Beans	29 4
Oats	16 10	Peas	30 6

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 26th day of October, 1850, is 28s. 2½d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL* SMITHFIELD*.

	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	2 4	3 2	2 4	3 10
Mutton	3 4	3 2	3 4	4 2
Veal	2 4	3 8	2 4	3 8
Pork	2 10	3 10	2 4	4 2

* To sink the offal, per 8 lb.

HEAD OF CATTLE AT SMITHFIELD.

	Friday.	Monday.
Beasts	962	4579
Sheep	4390	35,450
Calves	265	180
Pigs	380	609

PROVISIONS.

Butter—Best Fresh, 1lb. 6d. to 13s. per doz.	
Carlow, £3 18s. to £4 2s. per cwt.	
Bacon, Irish	per cwt. 49s. to 50s.
Cheese, Cheshire ..	42 — 60
Derby, Plain	44 — 54
Hams, York	60 — 70
Eggs, French, per 120, 4s. 9d. to 5s. 6d.	

HOPS.

Kent Pockets 75s. to 92s.	York Regents per ton .. s. to ..
Choice ditto .. 90 — 147	Walsby Regents — ..
Sussex ditto .. 66 — 76	Scotch Reds — ..
Farnham do. .. 90 .. 136	French Whites — ..

HAY AND STRAW. (Per load of 36 Trusses.)

	CUMBERLAND.	SMITHFIELD.	WHITECHAPEL.
Hay, Good	74s. to 75s.	72s. to 75s.	60s. to 70s.
Inferior	50 — 63	48 — 60	0 — 0
New	0 — 0	0 — 0	0 — 0
Clover	78 — 81	82 — 84	68 — 78
Wheat Straw ..	24 — 30	21 — 28	21 — 24

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND.—A. Robinson, Shap, Westmoreland, husbandman; first and final div. of 2s. 10d., Nov. 2, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Baker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

BANKRUPT.—H. G. STAHLSCHEIDT, Fenchurch-street, merchant, to surrender Nov. 13, Dec. 10; solicitors, Messrs. Sole and Turner, Aldermanbury; official assignee, Mr. Stansfield—T. WOODROFFE, Webb's County-terrace, New Kent-road, druggist, Nov. 7, Dec. 5; solicitors, Messrs. Young and Son, Mark-lane; official assignee, Mr. Johnson, Basinghall-street—J. FOSTER, High-street, Camden-town, upholsterer, Nov. 7, Dec. 5; solicitors, Messrs. J. G. and S. Langham, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings, Moorgate-street—W. ALDER, Plymouth, potter, Nov. 7, Dec. 5; solicitor, Mr. Marshall, Plymouth; official assignee, Mr. Hermon, Exeter—A. LITTLE, York, draper, Nov. 18, Dec. 2; solicitors, Mr. Thompson, York; and Messrs. Bond and Barwick, Leeds; official assignee, Mr. Hope, Leeds—M. LORR, Rochdale, Lancashire, sheep salesman, Nov. 8, Nov. 29; solicitors, Messrs. Whitehead and Sons, Rochdale; official assignee, Mr. Hobson, Manchester.

DIVIDENDS.—Nov. 20, R. W. Samson, Essex-wharf, Strand, coal merchant—Nov. 20, S. Keen and W. Langford, John-street, Pantentville, brewers—Nov. 20, E. Keeler, St. Alphege, Canterbury, dealer in glass—Nov. 19, W. Hooper, Reading, tobacco manufacturer—Nov. 21, G. Rougemont, Broad-street-buildings, merchant—Nov. 19, W. Jones, Manchester-street, St. Mary-bone, and North Andley-street, St. George, Hanover-square, chemist—Nov. 20, E. Farrar, Guildford-street, St. Pancras, apothecary—Nov. 21, C. Penfold, Arundel, Sussex, ironmonger—Nov. 21, J. Bennett, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, and High-street, Camden-town, artists' brush manufacturer—Nov. 20, G. Rackham, Southtown, near Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, wine merchant—Nov. 19, A. Russell, Ashford, Kent, saddler—Nov. 19, J. Miller, Clifton, Bristol, cabinet maker—Nov. 19, H. Holt, High-street, Peckham, bookseller—Nov. 22, G. Burdell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, banker—Nov. 20, J. Mac Gibbon and A. Galbreath, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants—Nov. 20, W. Rawson, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, cake merchant—Nov. 20, G. Thorpe, Kirtton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, scrivener.

CERTIFICATES.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary on the day of meeting.—Nov. 20, H. A. Hope, Trinity-square, carrier—Nov. 20, E. Farrar, Park-village West, Regent's-park, advertising agent—Nov. 19, T. Wood, Tunbridge, Kent, miller—Nov. 16, G. W. Law, Portsea, auctioneer—Nov. 21, T. Baxendale, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, grocer—Nov. 21, W. Smith, Idle, near Bradford, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer—Nov. 21, W. Passmore, late of Leeds, tailor.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—J. Douglas, Kirkcaldy, engineer, Nov. 4 and 25—M. W. Ivison, Edinburgh, silk spinner, Nov. 4 and 25.

Friday, November 1.

DECLARATIONS OF DIVIDENDS.—W. Linley, Conisbrough, Yorkshire, scythe manufacturer; second div. of 6d., Nov. 16, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Freeman, Sheffield—S. and J. Chappel, Leeds, earthenware manufacturers; first div. of 3s. 5d., and first div. of 2s. 3d. on the separate estate of J. Chappel, Nov. 21, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Freeman, Leeds—H. Parker, O. Shore, J. Brevin, and J. Rodgers, Sheffield, bankers; fourth div. of 1s., Dec. 2, and four following days, or any subsequent Monday; Mr. Freeman, Sheffield—J. Bridgeford, Sheffield, printer; second div. of 4d., Nov. 16, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Freeman, Sheffield—W. L. Hickley, Sheffield, innkeeper; second div. of 4d., Nov. 16, or any subsequent Saturday; Mr. Freeman, Sheffield—L. and J. Williams, Dudley, millers; first div. of 3s. on the separate estate of J. Williams, and first div. of 3s. on the separate estate of E. Williams, on any Thursday; Mr. Whitmore, Birmingham—E. R. Thomas, Leominster, wine merchant; first div. of 8s. 3d. on any Thursday; Mr. Walp, Birmingham—W. Mitchell, Birmingham,

draper: first div. of 1s. 9d. on any Thursday; Mr. Valpy, Birmingham—J. Helling, Rugby, Staffordshire, common brewer; first div. of 3s. 6d. on any Thursday; Mr. Christie, Birmingham—Clarke and Co., Leicester, bankers; fourth div. of 6d. for creditors whose names commence from A to F, Nov. 18; G to O, Nov. 19; P to Z, Nov. 20; or any Thursday after Nov. 20; Mr. Christie, Birmingham—W. Whiting, Wallasea, Cheshire, land-miller; fourth div. of 1s. 4d., Nov. 7, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool—Q. Byford, Liverpool, wholesale grocer; second div. of 1s. 16th of a penny, and first and second div. of 3s. 3d., on new proofs, Nov. 7, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool—J. Hind and R. Warbrick, Liverpool, curriers; second div. of 1s. 2d., and first div. of 1s. on new proofs, on Thursday, Nov. 7, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool—J. Hilton, Croston, Lancashire, surgeon; final div. of 4s. 6d., on Thursday, Nov. 7, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool—D. Johnson, Liverpool, victualler; first div. of 1s. 7d., on Thursday, Nov. 7, or any subsequent Thursday; Mr. Cazenove, Liverpool.

BANKRUPT.—H. B. MURIEL, Brighton, chemist, to surrender Nov. 12, Dec. 20; solicitors, Messrs. Rickards and Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Messrs. Bennett and Housman, Brighton; official assignee, Mr. Whitmore, Basinghall-street—W. GIBBS, Throgmorton-street, stock broker, Nov. 13, Dec. 13; solicitors, Messrs. Marten, Thomas, and Hollans, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane; official assignee, Mr. Stansfield—T. SKAM, Claremont-terrace and Fensbury-place, Wandsworth-road, and York-road, Battersea, builder, Nov. 13; solicitors, Messrs. Mardon and Prichard, Christchurch-chambers, Newgate-street; official assignee, Mr. Graham—H. SNELLING, Brighton, grocer, Nov. 12, Dec. 10; solicitors, Messrs. Rickards and Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Messrs. Bennett and Housman, Brighton; official assignee, Mr. Johnson, Basinghall-street—S. A. WARRER, Southampton-street, Strand, projectile manufacturer, Nov. 15, Dec. 12; solicitors, Messrs. Lawrence and Pless, Old Jewry-chambers; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings—A. MILLER, Ensworth, Hampshire, ropemaker, Nov. 14, Dec. 12; solicitors, Messrs. Rickards and Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mr. Cole, Ryde, Isle of Wight; official assignee, Mr. Bell, Coleman-street-buildings—E. G. WALTER, West Ham, Essex, baker, Nov. 15, Dec. 12; solicitors, Messrs. Hillyear, Fenchurch-street; official assignee, Mr. Johnson, Basinghall-street.

DIVIDENDS.—Nov. 22, R. J. Goss, Sidney-street, Stepney, victualler—Nov. 22, A. C. Handley, Maldon, Essex, draper—Nov. 23, T. Sneezum, Rupert-street, Coventry-street, builder—Nov. 23, W. Tapner and J. Ward, Leadenhall-place and Leadenhall-market, leather factors—Nov. 23, R. Wright, jun., and J. Clarke, Liquorpond-street, builders—Nov. 23, J. Spicer, Barking, Essex, blacksmith—Nov. 23, H. Spiller, St. John's-wood-terrace, St. John's-wood, slater—Nov. 26, J. Pace, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, general merchant—Nov. 27, E. East, Good Easter, Essex, brickmaker—Nov. 26, J. Robson, Bear-street, Leicestershire, coach currier—Nov. 26, J. Saunders, Basinghall-street, and Bradford, Wiltshire, woollen manufacturers—Nov. 26, S. Southey, South-street, Finsbury-market, and Kingsland-road, cabinet manufacturer—Nov. 22, J. Hunter, King William-street, and Buckingham-street, Strand, merchant—Nov. 26, T. H. Wyatt, Banbury, Oxfordshire, common brewer—Nov. 27, E. Litchfield, Ipswich, upholsterer—Nov. 26, G. Stevenson, John-street, Tottenham-road, coach-maker—Nov. 29, M. J. F. Camelo, Devonshire-street, Queen-square, merchant—Nov. 23, T. Bason, Buckingham, bootmaker—Nov. 22, T. Broadbent, Halifax, Yorkshire, draper.

CERTIFICATES.—To be granted, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on the day of meeting.—Nov. 27, G. Williams, Woolwich-common, builder—Nov. 23, J. Woodward, Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, paper-manufacturer—Nov. 24, E. Milnes, Bradford, Yorkshire, ironkeeper—Nov. 22, T. Broadbent, Halifax, Yorkshire, draper—Nov. 23, G. Kiln, Kirkstall, Yorkshire, coal-merchant—Nov. 23, S. Wilson, Wolverhampton, grocer.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.

The acknowledged efficacy of BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS, by the continued series of Testimonials which have been sent to, and published by, the proprietor for nearly twenty years, has rendered this medicine the most popular of the present age; and, in corroboration of which, the following extract of a letter, written by John Molard Wheeler, Esq., Collector of Customs, Jamaica, having been handed by his brother, at Swindon, to Mr. Prout for publication will fully confirm—

"I know you have never had occasion to take Blair's Pills, but let me emphatically tell you, in mercy to any friend who may suffer from gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, or any branch of that widely-affected family, to recommend their using them. In this country they are of wonderful efficacy; not only am I personally aware of their powers, but I see my friends and acquaintances receiving unfailing benefit from their use. I would not be without them on any account. If taken in the early stage of disease, they dissipate it altogether; if in a later, they alleviate pain, and effect a much speedier cure than by any other means within my knowledge."

Sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London; and, by his appointment, by all respectable Medicine Vendors throughout the United Kingdom. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Ask for BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS, and observe the name and address of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," impressed upon the Government stamp affixed to each box of the Genuine Medicine.

HEALTH WHERE 'TIS SOUGHT.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a Case of Weakness and Debility, of Four Years' standing. Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Smith, of No. 5, Little Thomas-street, Gibson-street, Lambeth, dated Dec. 12, 1849.

"To Professor HOLLOWAY,
"Sir,—I beg to inform you that for nearly five years I hardly knew what it was to have a day's health, suffering from extreme weakness and debility, with constant nervous headaches, giddiness, and sickness of the stomach, together with a great depression of spirits. I used to feel that nothing could benefit me, as I had been to many medical men, some of whom, after doing all that was in their power, informed me that they considered that I had some spinal complaint beyond the reach of cure, together with a very disordered state of the stomach and liver, making my case so complicated that nothing could be done for me. One day, being unusually ill and in a dejected state, I saw your Pills advertised, and resolved to give them a trial, more perhaps from curiosity than with a hope of being cured; however I soon found myself better by taking them, and so I went on persevering in their use for six months, when I am happy to say they effected a perfect cure.

"(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH,
"(frequently called EDWARD.)"

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 214, Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by most all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 2s., and 5s. 6d. per Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size.

Guidance of Patients in every Dis-

ECONOMIC FUNERAL COMPANY.

(Established January, 1843, under distinguished patronage.)

THE object of this Establishment is, to offer every means of economy, combined with respectability, in funerals, to any magnitude, at stated charges; and the public is respectfully invited to strictly examine the plans of this Office, which was the first established in England for the observance of funeral economy. JAMES J. HON SYER, Manager.

Office, 29, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

N.B. Orders by Post punctually attended to.—Distance no object.

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, &c.

—THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the following letter, relating to GUTTA PERCHA SOLES:—

From Lieutenant Rouse, R.N., Superintendent of the Greenwich Hospital Schools:—

"Greenwich Hospital Schools, July 16, 1850.

"My dear Sir,—I have for the last three years worn Gutta Percha Soles, and from the comfort experienced in the wear generally, particularly in regard to dry feet, and also in durability and consequent economy, I was induced to recommend the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital to sanction its use in this establishment, instead of leather soles. It has now been six months in general use here, so that I am, from experience in the wear and tear of Shoes for Eight Hundred Boys, able to speak with confidence as to its utility, which in my belief is very great; and I am looking forward to its being the means, during the next winter, of preventing Chilblains, from which we have greatly suffered. I have much pleasure in giving this testimony, and you have my permission to make it as public as you please, in the belief that it cannot but be doing good.—Your obedient servant,
"JOHN WOOD ROUSE.

"To S. Statham, Esq."

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, Patentees,
18, Wharf-road, City-road, London.

THE WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION,

34, CASTLE-STREET, OXFORD-STREET,
Opposite the Pantheon.

A few Journeymen Tailors, anxious to rescue themselves and their class from the miseries and degradation consequent on unlimited competition, and from the abuse of the powers of capital as lately exhibited to the public by the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, in his letters on "Labour and the Poor," have resolved to seek a remedy in their own exertions rather than in any parliamentary enactment, and in some system which shall combine their own interest with the interests of other classes of society rather than that to return to old customs now chiefly advocated in the trade, by which the benefit of the master and journeyman (but especially of the former) is sought to be realized at the expense of the consumer.

They have, therefore, united together on the cooperative principle, possessing first-rate talents in the Cutting and Working department, and being supplied by several benevolent gentlemen, with sufficient capital (which they are anxious to pay back on the first opportunity), they have commenced business on extensive premises in Castle-street, Oxford-street, to which and the accompanying list of prices attention is respectfully invited. It will be seen from the latter that they are at once able to compete with the slopeller, whilst realizing a fair profit themselves. They are mutually bound to devote one-third of their net profits to the extension of their numbers. It now rests with the public to stamp their experiment with success by favouring them with a liberal measure of custom, and thereby demonstrate, on an ever-widening scale, that health, prosperity, and moral worth can be secured to the operatives, and cheapness guaranteed to the consumer, by the faithful realization of the brotherly and Christian principle of cooperation. They wish not to injure the trade of any truly "honourable" employer, and venture to hope that all who feel that custom itself ought to have its morality, and who are willing to do what in them lies towards dealing fairly by the operative, will help them by their sympathy, and, as far as possible, by their orders.

All who are friendly to this experiment, and wish it to succeed, should give it all the assistance in their power, and recommend it to others.

LIST OF PRICES.

	£	s.	d.
Best superfine Frock Coat, with Silk Skirt Linings	3	18	0
Super ditto	2	10	0
Best superfine Dress Coat	3	12	0
Super ditto	2	5	0
Superfine Dress Trousers	1	12	0
Super ditto	1	0	0
Superfine Dress Vest	0	18	0
Super ditto	0	12	0
Llama and Beaver Pajamas	2	2	0
Suit of Livery	3	15	0

GENTLEMEN'S OWN MATERIALS MADE UP.

Clerical and Professional Robes made to Order.

LIST OF PRICES SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO WORKING MEN.

	£	s.	d.
Fustian Jackets	0	11	0
Good ditto Trousers	0	9	6
Ditto ditto Vests	0	6	0
Ditto ditto Coats	0	15	0
Doeskin Trousers	0	14	0
Black Cloth Vests	0	8	0
Ditto Dress Coats	1	15	0
Ditto Frock Coats	2	0	0
Ditto Pajamas	1	10	0

Silk Vests and other Fancy Goods in like proportion.

WORKING-MEN'S OWN MATERIALS MADE UP.

N.B.—If purchasers will examine and take into consideration the quality of our workmanship, we pledge ourselves to compete with the Sweaters and Slopellers.

ALL WORK DONE ON THE PREMISES.

Remember the Address,

THE WORKING TAILORS' ASSOCIATION,
34, CASTLE-STREET EAST, OXFORD-STREET,
OPPOSITE THE PANTHEON, LONDON.

CARPETS.—ROYAL VICTORIA FELT

CARPETING.—The present period being peculiarly one of economy and public showing, in this respect of carpeting, the advantages being durability, beauty, and novelty of design, imperviousness to dust, brilliancy of colouring, style equal to Brussels, and at a cost of half the price. Purchasers are cautioned against spurious imitations, the Felt Carpeting being always stamped "Royal Victoria Carpeting." It can be procured at all the respectable carpet houses in London and its vicinity, and in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom. THE PATENT WOOLLEN CLOTH COMPANY also manufacture table-covers, embossed and printed, of the latest possible designs, and in every variety of style and colour; thick felt for polishing plate glass, stucco, marble, tortoiseshell, &c., &c., likewise for veterinary purposes; felt watercoatings, cloths for coach and railway carriage linings, upholsterers, &c.; piano felts; felt rustic and wide-awake hats.—Manufacturers, Elmwood Mills, Leeds, and Borough-road, London. Wholesale warehouses only at 8, Love-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside.

EGYPT—PAST and PRESENT. The great moving PANORAMA of the NILE, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, displays the scenery of Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia; it presents to the Spectator the River and the Desert, the Pyramids and Sphinxes, the grandest ruins of antiquity, and the peculiar phases of modern Oriental life. Gallery at Three and Eight. Admission—Stalls, 2s., Pit 1s., Daily, 6d.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Lecture on the Ballad Music of England, by Mr. George Barker, with illustrations from the most popular composers, every evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock—Lecture on the Hydro-Electric Machine, by Dr. Bachoffner—Lecture on Chemistry, by J. H. Pepper, Esq., illustrating the Ancient Flery Ordeal and the Handling of Red-hot Metals, the Proprietor's Patent Nova-Motive Railway, at work daily—Dissolving Views, illustrating some of the Wonders of Nature, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evenings at a Quarter to Ten; also a Series exhibiting Scenes in the Arctic Regions and Ceylon, daily at One o'clock—Diver and Diving-bell, &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, half-price.—Open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock, every evening (except Saturday) from Seven till half-past Ten.

ELEGANCE, COMFORT, ECONOMY.

KING'S HEAD TAVERN, WINE AND DINING-ROOMS. 368, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church. The Dining-room will be found the most elegant, commodious, well-ventilated, and spacious in the metropolis. The Proprietor having spared no expense to anticipate every desire of his patrons. Gentlemen can dine here from 1 till 7 daily, from first-class joints, including bread and vegetables, for 1s. Soup, fish, poultry, made dishes.

OCTOBER CIRCULAR, 1850.

We wish to draw a comparison between the different classes of Tea, viz., the Commonest, which is always subject to extreme fluctuations; the Medium, which maintains a more equable value, and forms the great bulk of Tea used in this country; and the Finest Sorts, which, owing to their limited use, are like the commonest, speedily affected in price by a large or insufficient supply. In addressing ourselves to this point, we would remind the public that all Tea, bad or good, the best or the most worthless, pays an uniform duty of 2s. 2½d. per lb., and is necessarily subject to equal charges for freight, portage, warfarage, dock dues, &c.; consequently the commonest is much heavier taxed, in proportion to its real or marketable value, than either the medium or the finest class Teas: thus, whilst at present—

The price of Common Congou, in Canton,	7d. to 8d. per lb.	It follows that Common Congou pays, in charges & duty, 400 per cent.
The duty	2s. 2½d.	
The price of Middling Congou, in Canton,	12d. to 15d. per lb.	It follows that the Medium Class of Tea pays, in charges and duty 300 per cent.
The duty	2s. 2½d.	
The price of Finest Class Tea, in Canton,	20d. to 25d. per lb.	It follows that the Finest Class of Tea pays, in charges and duty, only 100 per cent.
The duty	2s. 2½d.	
So that the Commonest Tea, which costs 7d. per lb. in China, is sold in England at 1s. 3s. 6d. per pound.		
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